



No. 586.—VOL. XLVI.

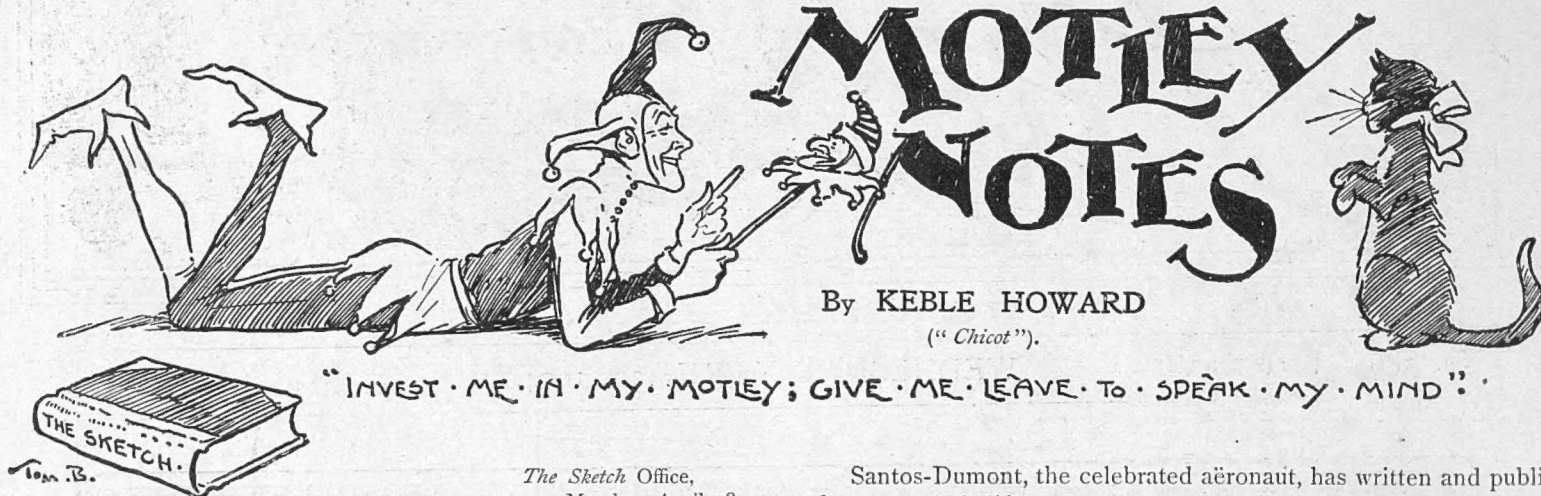
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



MISS EDNA MAY AS ALESIA IN "LA POUPÉE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.

A Dressing-room Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!"

The Sketch Office,
Monday, April 18.

ANOTHER attack on the poor bachelor! This time our assailant is "Dagonet" of the *Referee*, who is heartless enough to suggest that all single men over the age of twenty-five should be specially taxed. "A man who remains single," he says, "has his income, as a rule, to spend on himself. The man who marries and brings up a family has to devote his income to others." That way of stating the case is hardly fair. Speaking from the bachelor's point of view, I would say that the man who remains single is never well off, for the reason that he has no one to take care of his money for him. On the other hand, the man who marries generally manages to reserve a very fair portion of his income for pocket-money. As for the amount that has to be set aside for extra household expenses, that is the price he pays for companionship, encouragement, and all the other consolations that the bachelor never knows. It is so easy, you see, to talk of bachelors as selfish creatures. It is so popular to suggest that they should be specially taxed. "Dagonet" ignores the fact that there are many men so totally unfitted for married life that they resolve, wisely enough, to live out a life of loneliness rather than add to the misery of the world by following the easy and seductive path that leads to the registry office. There is something rather noble, if people could only see it, in the state of bachelorhood.

Theatrical history, of course, is full of coincidences, and last week saw yet one more added to the list. In "Saturday to Monday," at the St. James's Theatre, the story turned on the fact that Mr. George Alexander, in order to revenge himself upon the lady who had refused his hand, made desperate love to three susceptible women for whom he didn't care a snap. In "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," at the Imperial Theatre, the story turned on the fact that Mr. Lewis Waller, in order to save his life, made desperate love to Miss Elizabeth, for whom he didn't care a snap. Each of these plays, moreover, has two fathers, and we are therefore brought face to face with the knowledge that there are four dramatists of light and leading who can see nothing distasteful in the idea of a man deliberately putting a woman to shame by trifling with her affections. The authors of "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner" save the situation, in a measure, by turning the sham lover into a real one before the fall of the curtain. The authors of "Saturday to Monday," however, actually gloat over the caddishness of their hero, and ask the audience to laugh at the scene in which the debonair fellow calmly informs his three victims that their dreams of happiness can never be realised. Some playgoers, perhaps, will see humour in the scene; on Thursday night the audience seemed to find it rather painful.

I was the more disappointed with the play by Messrs. Fenn and Pryce because I had just been reading a very interesting novel by Mr. Pryce called "The Successor." The theme of the book is indelicate, but the story is told with such real cleverness that the most sensitive reader could hardly find an excuse for being shocked. The characters, too, are skilfully drawn; I wish one could say the same for the poor puppets in "Saturday to Monday." I should like to hear Mr. Pryce explain the reason for the difference. I suppose he would say that it is easier for the novelist to draw character than for the dramatist. I should then retort that, given so able a Company of players as that at the St. James's, the dramatist has a decided advantage over the novelist. Not only is he able to present his figures in the flesh; but the actors and actresses, of their talent and experience, often lend the author invaluable assistance. He must give them, however, good material to work upon. The majority of novelists who turn their attention to play-writing are apt to treat the matter as a kind of joke. The result, on occasion, is a little sorry.

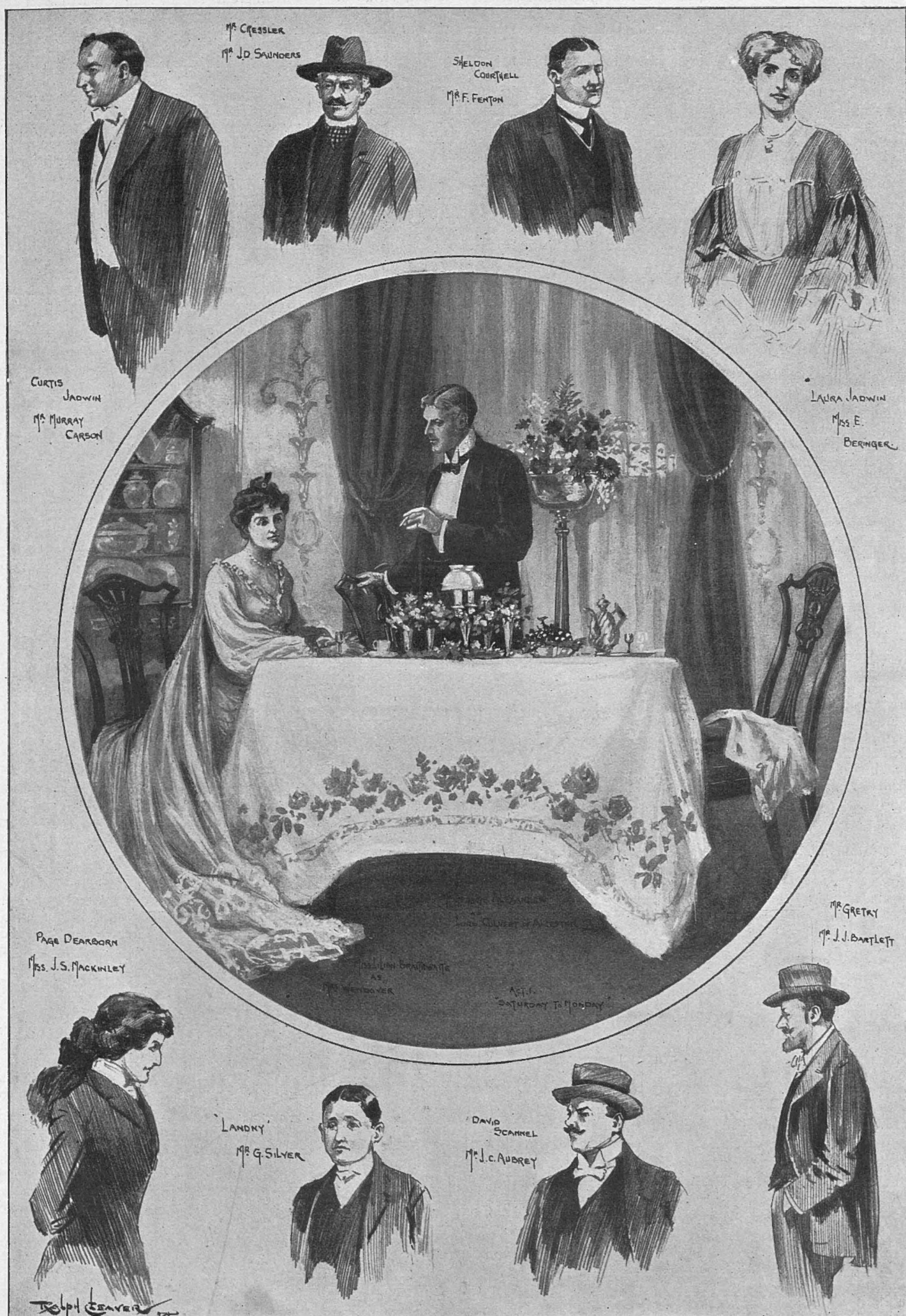
Santos-Dumont, the celebrated aëronaut, has written and published the story of his life—at any rate, as much of it as he knows at present. The title of the volume is "My Airships," and you will find it delightfully thrilling. The author, without straining after effect, nevertheless contrives to make one realise the fierce joys and the awful dangers of ballooning. As an instance of the former, let me quote his description of night-ballooning: "One is alone in the black void—true, in a murky limbo, where one seems to float without weight, without a surrounding world—a soul freed from the weight of matter. Yet now and again there are the lights of earth to cheer one. We see a point of light far on ahead. Slowly it expands. Then where there was one blaze there are countless bright spots. They run in lines, with here and there a brighter cluster. We know that it is a city. Then, again, it is out into the lone land, with only a faint glow here and there. When the moon rises, we see, perhaps, a faint, curling line of grey. It is a river, with the moonlight falling on its waters. . . . And when the dawn comes, red and gold and purple in its glory, one is almost loth to seek the earth again, although the novelty of landing in who knows what part of Europe affords still another unique pleasure."

Have you made up your mind to be an aëronaut, enthusiastic reader? Wait a moment, and Santos-Dumont will show you the other side of the picture. "It was while over the continuation of this greenery in the grassy *pelouse* of the Longchamps racecourse," he writes, "that my balloon, having lost a great deal of its gas, began to double on itself. Previously I had heard a noise. Looking up, I saw that the long cylinder of the balloon was beginning to break. . . . I remember having the sure idea: 'If that balloon cylinder doubles any more, the ropes by which I am suspended to it will work at different strengths and will begin to break one by one as I go down.' For the moment I was sure that I was in the presence of death. Well, I will tell it frankly, my sentiment was almost entirely that of waiting and expectation. 'What is coming next?' I thought. 'What am I going to see and know in a few minutes? Whom shall I see after I am dead?' The thought that I should be meeting my father in a few minutes thrilled me." It is safe to predict that the recital of this tiny story will thrill any reader who has the imagination to appreciate it. For the benefit of the unimaginative, by the way, the book is fully illustrated with striking photographs of balloons and airships in mid-air.

I have left myself just space enough to remind you that Saturday next, the great 23rd, is Shakspeare's birthday. In London, mayhap, this date may be forgotten, but there is one little town on the banks of a winding, happy river where April the Twenty-third means the acme of prosperity and the culmination of joy. I refer, of course, to Stratford-upon-Avon, where even now the flags are all a-flying, the bands all a-playing, and the thousands of visitors all a-trooping and a-trooping to feast their eyes upon that unpretentious building that must for ever be associated with all that is greatest and noblest in the history of the world's literature. Once upon a time, as you will remember, the Shakspeare Festival lasted one week only; nowadays, I am glad to think, the rejoicings continue throughout the length of three weeks. Soon, doubtless, the festivities will be even further prolonged, and the honest folk of Stratford-upon-Avon will hold in still higher regard the magic name that gives their town its *raison d'être*. Come, then! Let us rise up and make haste to join the throng that murmurs and sways before that world-famed dwelling. Let us, too, doff our hats and breathe with them the name that shall never, can never, perish—Marie Corelli!

TWO NEW PLAYS AT WEST-END THEATRES.

(SEE "THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS" AND PAGE 6.)



A SCENE FROM "SATURDAY TO MONDAY," AT THE ST. JAMES'S, AND SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "THE WHEAT KING," AT THE APOLLO.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

Celebrities I Might have Known—Makaroff and Verestchagin—The War Office's Journal.

SOME day I shall publish a book and title it "Celebrities I Might have Known." One of these would be Admiral Makaroff, for I was introduced to him in London in the hall of one of the Yacht Clubs, and the genial Scotchman who was my introducer was urgent that I should come up North and see the *Ermack*, which was then being built. The Admiral, who was living on Tyneside, watching the completion of his invention, was kind enough to say that he would show me over the ship himself. Had I been able to spare the time for a run up North, I should have been proud to claim something more than an introduction to the man whose death has drawn an expression of real sorrow both from foes and friends. I remember that his manner was that mixture of heartiness and perfect courtesy which makes a Russian gentleman one of the most charming to meet in the world, and he talked English with a very slight accent.

Verestchagin, the great painter who went down with the battleship *Petropavlovsk*, I never met, but his pictures I have encountered pretty well all the world over, for no artist ever sent his works on more extended tours. They were at the Crystal Palace once, I remember, and I saw them at Chicago during the time of the Great Exhibition. The last time that I saw the bulk of Verestchagin's earlier works was during the autumn of last year, at Moscow, and I was struck with the stolid indifference with which the peasants who tramped round the galleries looked at the representation of the horrible side of war which the artist loved to paint.

I can see now a group of three women and a man standing in front of that most gruesome of all the pictures, the corpses, row after row, lying half-buried in the light, sandy soil amidst the thorns, and a priest pronouncing the benediction over them. The peasants looked at this—a warning of what might be the fate of their sons—without emotion or comment, and then shuffled along to the next picture. Verestchagin saw most of the Russian fights in Northern Asia and in Turkey with his own eyes, and, though painters may find fault with his colouring, he conveyed to soldiers a feeling that what he put on canvas was an exact representation of the action and feelings of the men at the moment he described by his brush. There is one picture of the white-coated Russian soldiers crowding up under a great wall just before the assault begins, and the various emotions which tug at the soldier's heart, from the pride which keeps the officer erect and away from cover to the feeling of self-preservation which causes the recruit to shoulder close up to imaginary protection, are all on the painter's canvas. Verestchagin was for a time in the Russian Marines, and he was with Admiral Makaroff during the fighting on the Danube.

The soldier-journalist is to be encouraged by the new Army Board, and the *Army Journal of the British Empire*, with the Chief of the Staff as Editor-in-Chief, is to be offered to the Army at one shilling a copy. The writers in the journal are not to be paid, and their enthusiasm is to be curbed as to length by a limit of six thousand words, which is as much as a very fluent writer with

a knowledge of his subject could pen in six hours. I wonder whether Sir Neville Lyttelton has ever edited a regimental paper or magazine, for, if he has not, he can have no idea of the difficulties which lie before him and his Assistant-Editors. The United Service Institute publishes a monthly magazine in which the higher problems of warfare at sea and on land are discussed, and Sir Neville will, no doubt, strike out some different line to this most useful but not enlivening publication; but, if he hopes to find a band of soldier-writers who will treat soldier-subjects with a light hand and who will be both instructive and amusing, I am afraid that he is looking for the rarest of rare birds. The *Brigade of Guards Magazine* is quite one of the best of journals which soldiers produce, and there is the whole of the Household Brigade past and present, and the regiments of Household Cavalry as well, from which the Editor can draw his correspondents; but whenever I meet Major George Nugent in Pall Mall with an anxious face, I am quite sure that publishing-day is approaching and that his trusty Assistant-Editor has warned him of a great shortage of "copy."

When I was an Editor of a regimental newspaper, the only "copy" which I could be sure of obtaining were jests levelled at the teetotalers of the regiment, which were always anonymous and almost always quite unprintable, and the scores of cricket matches between the various Companies. The scores were a great source of comfort to me and I always printed them in the very largest type the regimental printing-press could supply. Some introductory notes written by myself, an account of a battle in which the regiment had taken part, extracted from Malleon or Napier, some correspondence which I wrote myself, in the hope of luring other correspondents into the field, the promotions, transfers, &c., sent to me from the orderly-room—and there was the monthly paper complete, half of it being cricket matches.

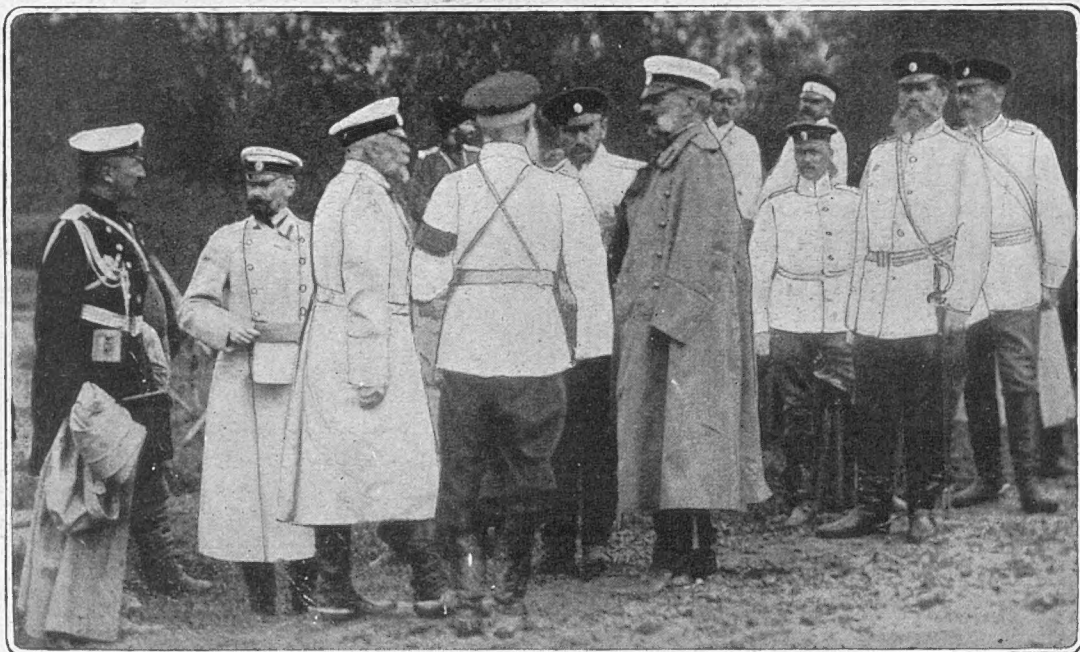


ADMIRAL MAKAROFF,
WHO WENT DOWN WITH THE BATTLESHIP "PETROPAVLOVSK"
OFF PORT ARTHUR LAST WEDNESDAY (APRIL 13).

THE LATE ADMIRAL MAKAROFF.

Vice-Admiral Makaroff, who, at the age of fifty-six, has met so tragic a fate at the hand of the God of Battles, has been called the "Nelson of Russia," as Admiral Togo has been called the "Nelson of Japan." Whether or no the description is an apt one matters little; the fact remains that his loss at the present crisis is well-nigh irreparable, unless the hour should unexpectedly bring the man. It is equally certain that he was not only a highly trained but a very dashing Commander. For the latter statement the increased energy and daring shown by the Russian Fleet in the Far East immediately after his arrival at Port Arthur would be ample substantiation, even were it unsupported by his record when engaged in torpedo-work with the *Grand Duke Constantine* during the Russo-Turkish War, and when accompanying Skobelev and Kuropatkin at the storming of Geok-Tepe. In support of the former there is even fuller evidence. The Admiral was essentially a man of science, and the famous ice-breaker *Ermack*, a

collision-mat, the "capped shell," and a system of hermetically-sealed compartments for men-of-war, to say nothing of minor inventions, are eloquent witnesses to his powers. Extremely pro-British in his views and thoroughly conversant with the English language, he had numerous friends in this country, in which he was a resident during the construction of his ice-breaker. When summoned to take the place of Admiral Stark he was Governor of Cronstadt, after a period as Commander in the Mediterranean.



ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT: THE GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE
RUSSIAN ARMY, AND HIS STAFF.

MISS JULIA NEILSON AS "SUNDAY," AT THE COMEDY.



DRAWN FROM LIFE BY MRS. LEE HANKEY.

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*WATERLOO	...	10 43	LEWES	...	9 50
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*LONDON BRIDGE	...	10 49	MARGATE SANDS	...	10 10
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RED HILL	...	10 48	CANTERBURY SOUTH	...	11 13
EDENBRIDGE	...	11 6	DOVER TOWN	...	11 50
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MAIDSTONE WEST	...	11 11		...	2 17
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					2 21

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"THE WHEAT KING," AT THE APOLLO.

THE production of "The Wheat King" had been anticipated with a good deal of interest by readers of the late Frank Norris's "The Octopus" and "The Pit," the completed portions of that Trilogy of the Epic of the Wheat which, unfortunately, he did not live to finish. "The Pit" is the origin of the play in four Acts by Miss Elliott Page and Mr. Ashton Jonson, and the piece had an enthusiastic reception at the Apollo on Saturday evening. Mr. Murray Carson gave a vigorous impersonation of Curtis Jadwin, the "great bull," Miss Esmé Beringer's performance was full of clever touches, and Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay showed that she possesses not only exceptional gifts as an actress, but also a fine sense of comedy. A detailed notice will appear in our next number.

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DR. WYNNE'S REVENGE. By WILLIAM WESTALL, Author of "With the Red Eagle." [April 28.]

WRONG SIDE OUT. By W. CLARK RUSSELL, Author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor." [May 5.]

A GREAT MAN. By ARNOLD BENNETT, Author of "The Grand Babylon Hotel." [May 19.]

London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS APRIL 23.

The Crowning Disaster to the Russian Navy: THE LOSS OF THE "PETROPAYLOVSK."

JAPAN IN KOREA:

THE MILITARY OCCUPATION OF THE HERMIT KINGDOM.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS APRIL 23.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

NEXT week (25th) the King and Queen commence their much-discussed visit to Ireland, and for a fortnight Erin will bask in Royal smiles. Their Majesties' programme is a very full one. On the first day of their landing they are to be present at the Kildare Hunt Meeting at Punchestown, and every house in that hospitable neighbourhood will be full to overflowing in honour of the popular Sovereign's presence at what has, not inaptly, been called the

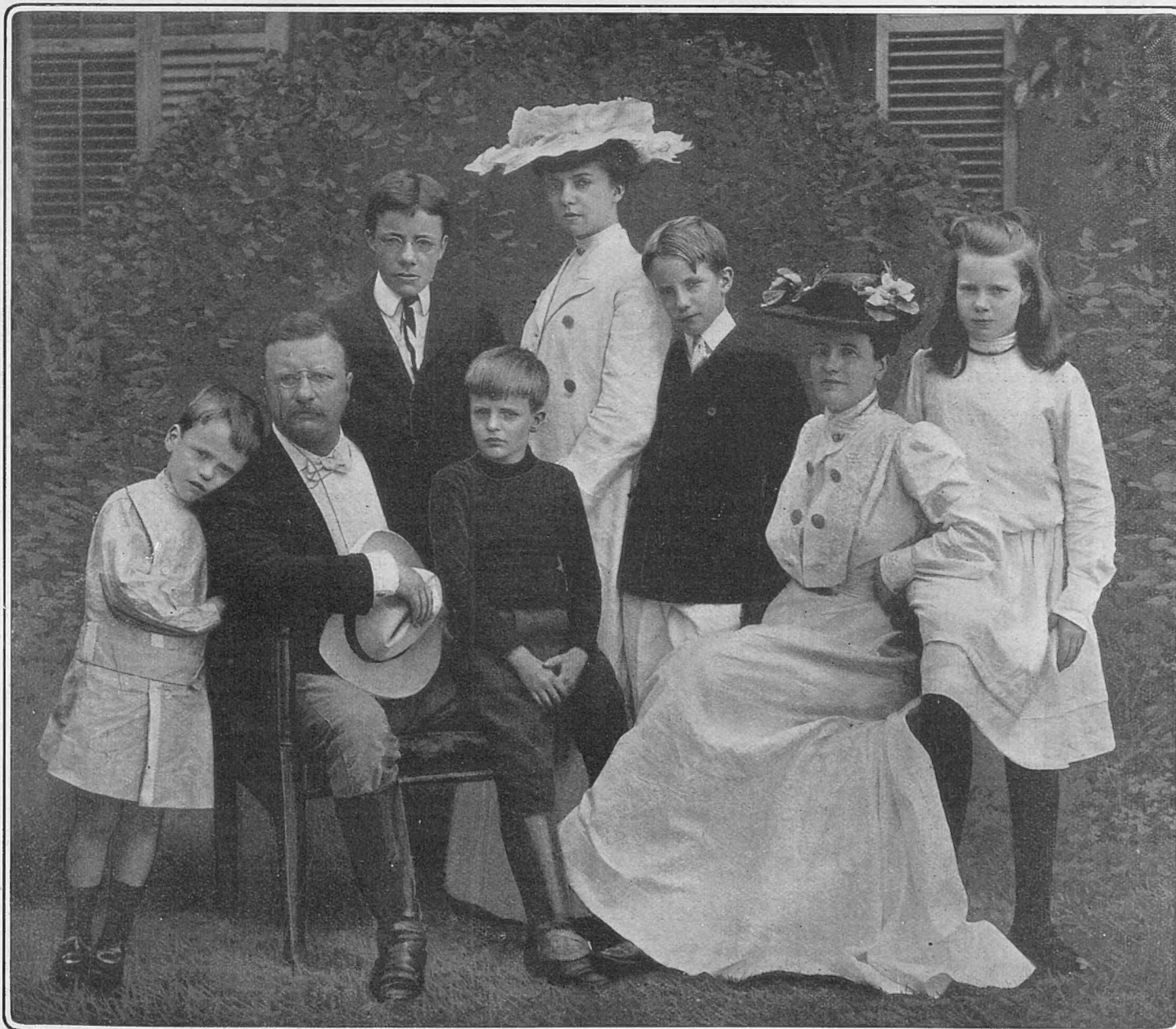
"Irish Derby," though there is, of course, very little similarity between the two, save that they are both connected with horses and racing. The King and Queen will also be at Punchestown the day following that of their arrival, and that same evening they will entertain Dubliners of light and leading at the Viceregal Lodge. The next night will be devoted to witnessing Mr. Beerbohm Tree's "Command" performance. On Friday will come more races, this time at Leopardstown, and then, on Saturday, is to begin the series of private visits, Kilkenny Castle being the first great Irish stronghold to be honoured.

The Prince and the Sons of the Clergy.

The Prince of Wales has promised to attend the two hundred and fiftieth Festival of the Sons of the Clergy at St. Paul's Cathedral on May 2, and has headed the list of two hundred and fifty Stewards. His Royal Highness and the Princess, like the Queen, have marked "High Church" leanings, though the tradition of the House of Brunswick is naturally Erastian in ecclesiastical matters. The Prince's religious training was soundly and sensibly conducted by Canon Dalton, now his Domestic Chaplain, who took Prince George and Prince Eddy a long voyage on board the *Bacchante* when they were boys, and wrote a delightfully naïf account of it on their return.

"Teddy" Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt is, like the Kaiser, one of the few striking personalities of the world. He has practically got the Republican nomination in his pocket, and is pretty sure to be elected President of the United States for a second term in November. Mr. Roosevelt has a large family, therein practising what he often preaches to his fellow-countrymen, and his home-life is ideally happy. He believes in the strenuous life, is a mighty hunter of big game, and brings up his children to be as hard as nails and to love all simple open-air pursuits. Indeed, he may be said to have adopted for them the old Persian education—"to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth." For the Spanish-American War he raised a troop of Roughriders and commanded it in Cuba. Both Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt particularly hate the senseless luxury and vulgar ostentation of which some American plutocrats are guilty. They have many English friends.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, MRS. ROOSEVELT, AND FAMILY.

Photograph by Pach.

Detained at Tokio. Many of the War-Artists and journalists in the Far East must feel inclined to complain with Mr. Gilbert's police-sergeant, "A Correspondent's life is not a happy one." But though their detention at Tokio has been sufficiently vexatious, longing, as they must have been, to get to "The Front" in order to send home graphic pictures and stirring cablegrams, the courtesy they have received at the hands of the Japanese officials has to some extent alleviated their sad lot. Among the many compliments paid them, one of the most notable was the luncheon to which they were entertained at the Nobles' Club, their host being Lieutenant-General Baron Kodama, Vice-Chief of the Japanese General Staff. On this occasion, Mr. James J. Hare, of *Collier's Weekly*, photographed the Correspondents, together with a number of Japanese officers, and miniature British and American flags were in picturesque evidence. Mr. Hare is also responsible for the photograph here reproduced.

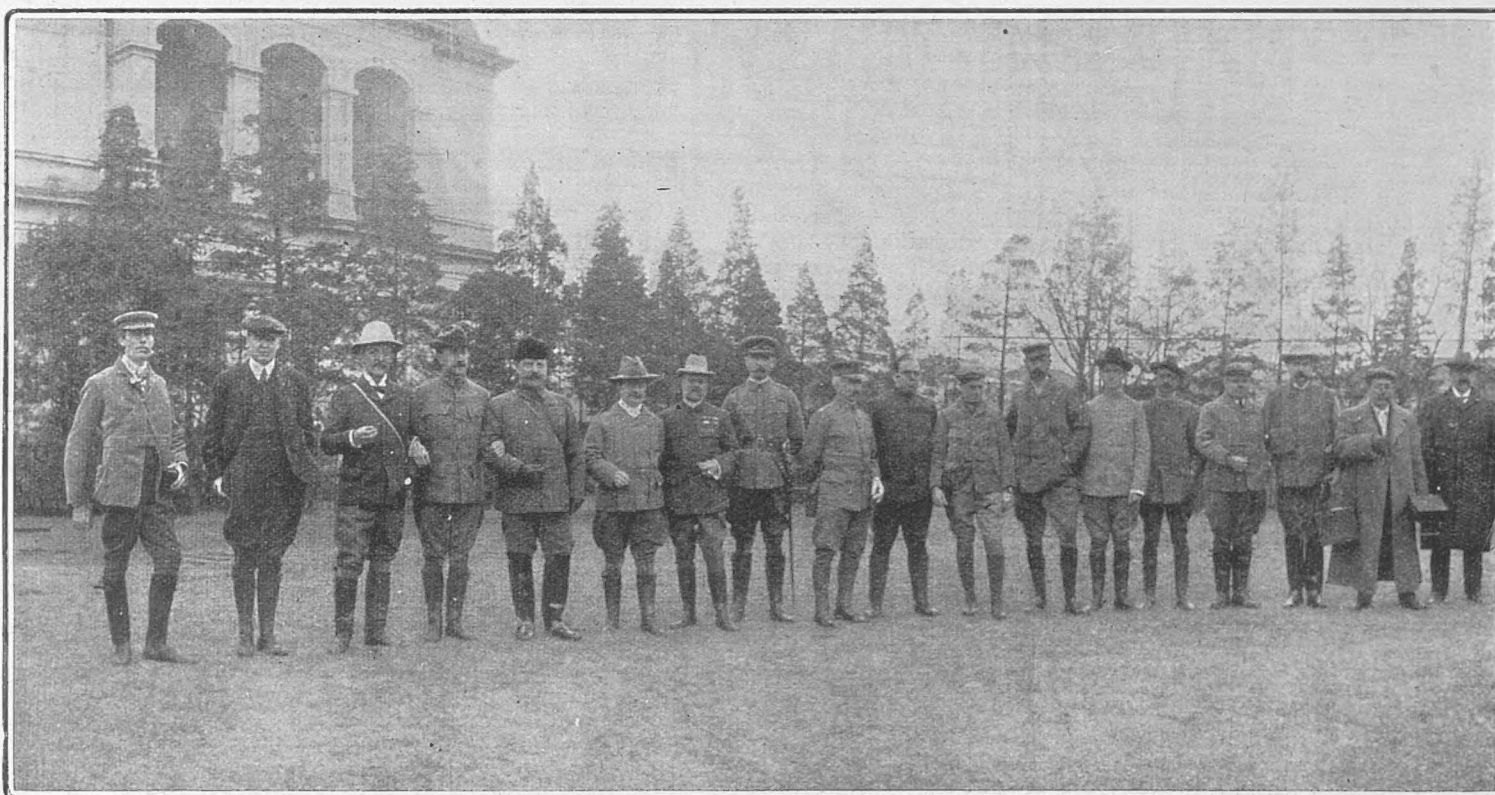
The Foreign Secretary. Lord Lansdowne enjoys the rare pleasure of being praised by almost everybody on account of the agreement with France. Praise will be specially sweet in contrast with the abuse which he endured at the War Office. Lord Lansdowne has been much more at home at the Foreign Office than he was in Pall Mall. The fact that he has French blood in his veins, his mother being a daughter of the Comte de Flahault, made him welcome as the negotiator of an agreement with our susceptible

married to a sister of the present Duke of Abercorn, so that his retired colleague, Lord George Hamilton, is his brother-in-law. Both his sons served in the War in South Africa, and both his daughters are married—the elder to Mr. Victor Cavendish, who is the Duke of Devonshire's heir, and the younger to the Marquis of Waterford. His brother, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, succeeded Sir Charles Dilke as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1882, and has remained among the Liberals. He sits on the front Opposition bench, and is regarded as a high authority on the Eastern Question and on Local Government, but nowadays he speaks rarely.

A Lansdowne Administration is a possibility of the future. It has fallen to this family to play a distinguished part in politics in several centuries, and the present Marquis has ambition. He is now the second man in the Government and speaks with authority as Leader of the House of Lords.

London's Emperor Guest.

The British people will give the Emperor of Austria an exceptionally warm welcome if, as is now semi-officially declared, His Imperial Majesty visits this country in June. Francis Joseph has always been a true friend to England. The late Queen's affection for him survived fifty years of very infrequent meetings, and our present Sovereign was on terms of brotherly intimacy with the hapless Crown



From Left to Right: 1. Grant Wallace (*San Francisco Bulletin*). 2. Egan (*Associated Press*). 3. Lynch (*Daily Chronicle*). 4. Palmer (*Collier's Weekly*). 5. Machugh (*Daily Telegraph*). 10. Davis (*New York Herald*). 11. Gordon Smith (*Morning Post*). 12. Kirton (*Central News*). 13. Donald (*Sydney Herald*). 14. Troise (*La Tribuna*). 15. Frissel (*Associated Press*). 21. Fullarton (*Indianapolis News*). 22. Smallwood (*Daily Express*). 23. Comfort. 24. James (*New York World*). 25. Brill (*Reuter*). 26. Bass (*Chicago Times*). 27. Collins (*Reuter*).

A PRESS PICNIC: GENERAL GROUP OF WAR-CORRESPONDENTS

neighbours. Of course, he speaks French in its purity, and he has much greater qualifications for his post. In addition to being very well-informed in State affairs, he has a cool, cautious, calculating temperament; he is acute and wary and yet is exceedingly suave, and he knows the value of trifles. As a speaker, he is fluent, measured, and unimpassioned.

Scarcely any other public man in England has had such continued contact with State affairs during the present generation as the Marquis of Lansdowne. His position as a Liberal Unionist enabled him to serve first one Party and then another. He succeeded his father at the age of twenty-one, and three years later, in 1869, he was appointed to a post in Mr. Gladstone's first Government. In that Government he remained till its defeat, but his connection with Mr. Gladstone's second Government was of a different character. Lord Lansdowne became Under-Secretary for India in May 1880, and, on account of Irish legislation, he resigned in July. It was, however, during the Liberal Administration that he was sent to Canada as Governor-General in 1883, and at the end of his term there he was appointed by the Conservatives as Viceroy of India. He returned from India in 1894, and since 1895 he has been a Secretary of State in the Coalition Government.

Through his mother, Lord Lansdowne became Baron Nairne. His grandfather, the Comte de Flahault, was married to the Baroness Nairne and Keith, and her daughter also was Baroness Nairne in her own right. The Marquis succeeded to the Barony in 1895. He is

Prince, whose death has overshadowed the later years of his father. At the present moment the Prince and Princess of Wales are being magnificently entertained in Vienna, and it is said that Count Albert Mensdorff has actually completed all the arrangements in connection with the Emperor's return visit.

The Royal Visit to Vienna.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have paid curiously few State visits to Continental capitals, and it is, perhaps, significant that their first appearance at a Court with whose head they are unconnected by ties of blood should be at that of Austria, rather than of Italy or Spain. Nowhere is the etiquette connected with the reception of great personages more scrupulously followed than in the capital of the Dual Kingdom, and Vienna has many splendid sights with which to gladden the eyes of even the most august of strangers. Of these, perhaps the most interesting is the Palace of Schönbrunn, familiarised to the British playgoer by the scenes of "L'Aiglon," for the wonderful old Palace is not only associated with the youth of Marie Antoinette, but also with that of the great Napoleon's unhappy son.

"Empire Day." Lord Meath, who is pegging away with great success at his scheme of celebrating May 24 as "Empire Day," in order to instil patriotism into the rising generation, is a man of cosmopolitan culture and interests. His varied training in diplomacy has stood him in good stead in social and philanthropic work. As the first Chairman of the County Council Parks Committee and as founder of the Metropolitan Public Gardens

Association, he has added many broad acres to London's open spaces. He is keen on physical education, founded the Lads' Drill Association, was first Chairman of the Young Men's Friendly Society, and is a tower of strength to the remarkable work of the Church Army.

The Torpedo Jubilee.

So far, no notice whatever has been taken of the fact that the present year is the fiftieth anniversary of the modern use of torpedoes, for it was in 1854 that the Russians made use of them for the first time in the Baltic and the Black Seas. Of course, torpedoes—or rather, mines—were used in the Middle Ages, notably at the siege of Antwerp at the end of the sixteenth century, but they were weapons of a very primitive type. Fulton it was who modernised them, and in 1801 he offered his invention to the French and proved that it was quite possible to blow up a ship with them. But the French rejected them as only fit for pirates and Algerians, and it was not until 1854 that any practical use was made of them. And now, by the irony of fate, it is the Russians who have suffered from the invention they did so much to bring forward.

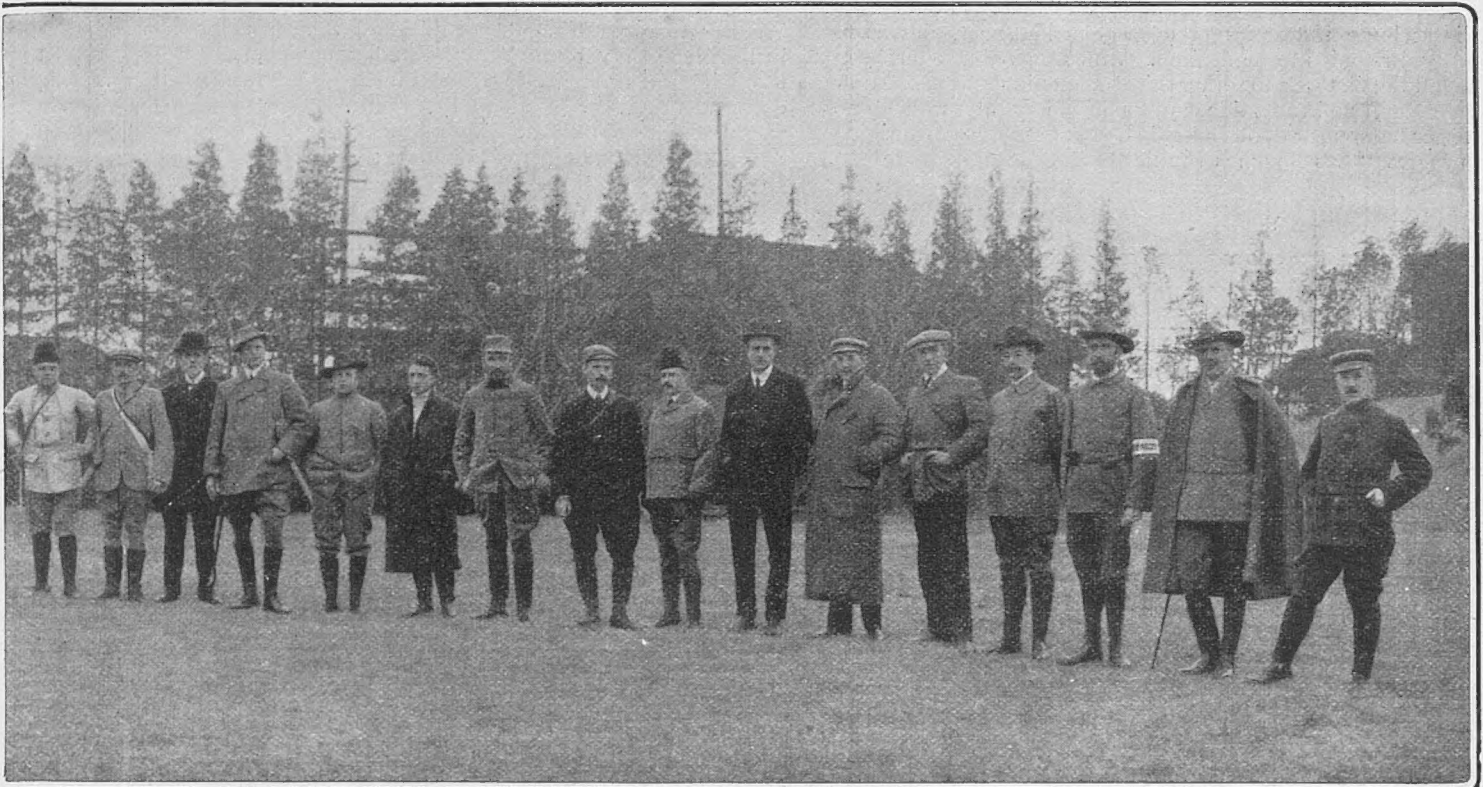
The Khedive and St. Louis.

After all, the Americans will not be disappointed of the presence of a reigning Sovereign at the St. Louis Exhibition, though they have only succeeded in securing a second-rate one. At one time it was hoped that the King of the Belgians would be persuaded to undertake the

next to the marriages, in all German newspapers, for the ceremony is a serious one. But it has its inconveniences. On Feb. 28, the *Teltower Kreisblatt* published, under the heading "Betrothed," "Otilie Beckmann (Berlin) to Franz Henschel (Teltower)." On March 6, Franz Henschel wrote to the paper to say that he was not engaged to Fräulein Beckmann, and on March 13 the lady replied by writing to say that they were engaged on Nov. 30, 1903, and that she meant to keep Franz Henschel to his word. So far, the lady has had the last word, but whether the ungallant Franz will be brought to the altar is as yet uncertain.

"The Prince of Pilsen."

"The Prince of Pilsen," to be presented at the Shaftesbury Theatre next month, is a musical comedy the book of which is by Frank Pixley and the score by Gustav Luders. For the past two years the piece has been played in New York with great success, and it comes to London from Daly's Theatre in that city. The Shaftesbury engagement was concluded under an arrangement between Messrs. George Musgrove and Frank McKee, representing the theatre, and Mr. Henry W. Savage, owner of the entertainment. The scene of "The Prince of Pilsen" is laid in Nice, and the curious adventures there of a Cincinnati brewer and his daughter—mistaken for a Prince and Princess—are productive of various amusing incidents and complications. The music is said to be of unusually good quality.



6. W. Maxwell (*Standard*). 7. Melton Prior (*Illustrated London News*). 8. Colonel Hume (British Military Attaché). 9. Colonel Wood (American Military Attaché). 16. Knight (*Morning Post*). 17. Dinwiddie (*New York World*). 18. Kingswell (*Daily Express*). 19. Sidney Smith (*Daily Mail*). 20. I. Sheldon Williams (*Sphere*). 28. Schul (*New York Globe*). 29. Sir Bryan Leighton. 30. Glossop. 31. Kendall (*Daily Telegraph*). 32. Cahusac (*Daily Chronicle*). 33. Thomas (*Gaulois*). 34. Hare, the Photographer.

IN THE GROUNDS OF THE NOBLES' CLUB AT TOKIO.

journey, but he has thought better of it and will be represented by his son and daughter-in-law. But the Khedive will leave Cairo on May 1, and will first spend a month at Alexandria. Then, at the very beginning of July, he will embark on a French liner which will be specially chartered for him, and will cross to New York with a numerous suite. At St. Louis they are already making great preparations to receive the modern Pharaoh with all due state, and the visit will be noteworthy as that of the first African monarch who has crossed the Atlantic to explore the New World.

A Disappearing River.

A river which dries up during the deluges of rain that we have had lately must be of an exceptionally modest temperament. But this is what has happened to the little River Misbourne, which runs into the Colne, and so into the Thames above Staines. Five years ago it disappeared from the village of Great Missenden, in Buckinghamshire, to the regret of the inhabitants. Last year, however, was too much for it, and, after resisting the downpour of the summer, it began to show itself slightly in the autumn. The winter rain finally decided it to come out of its shell, and now it has quite recovered its old form and is flowing in its old bed as strongly as ever. The Misbourne has thus removed from the wettest year on record the reproach of not being able to keep a little Buckinghamshire stream above-ground.

German Betrothals. The earliest ambition of a young German girl is to see her name published, as engaged to be married, in the local paper. There is a special heading for betrothals,

"La jolie Javanaise."

Annie de Jong, the young Dutch violinist who is to play in London at the Philharmonic Society's Concert early in June, has aroused great interest in Paris, where she has been playing for the past two weeks. Quite young (she is proud of the fact that she and her Queen are contemporaries to the exact day), Miss de Jong has the complexion and the enigmatic Eastern beauty which now and then crop up in a Dutch family of which some of the ancestors have been Colonists, but "la jolie Javanaise," as Paris calls her, by no means depends upon the strange charm of her outward personality alone for her success upon the platform. At ten years old, Joachim decided that she must adopt the violin as her profession, and at fourteen she made her first tour with Emma Nevada.

In spite of her success, she refused all immediate engagements, and settled down to study in Berlin for four years with Witek, of the Nikisch Orchestra, following the Prager Methode. Since then she has been heard in Frankfurt, Cologne, and all over Belgium, and in the last fortnight has become the rage in Paris. Charles Widor, the pianist, who heard her play at an "At Home," insisted shortly after upon giving a musical afternoon in her honour, at which, to a select audience, consisting of Colonne, Chevillard, Diemer, and two or three others whose names are ones to conjure with, the full and really beautiful quality of her tone, her excellent phrasing and technique, achieved immediate success, which was repeated three days later at one of the "five o'clocks" of the *Figaro*. Miss de Jong's instrument is a magnificent and genuine Joseph Guarnerius (del Gesù).

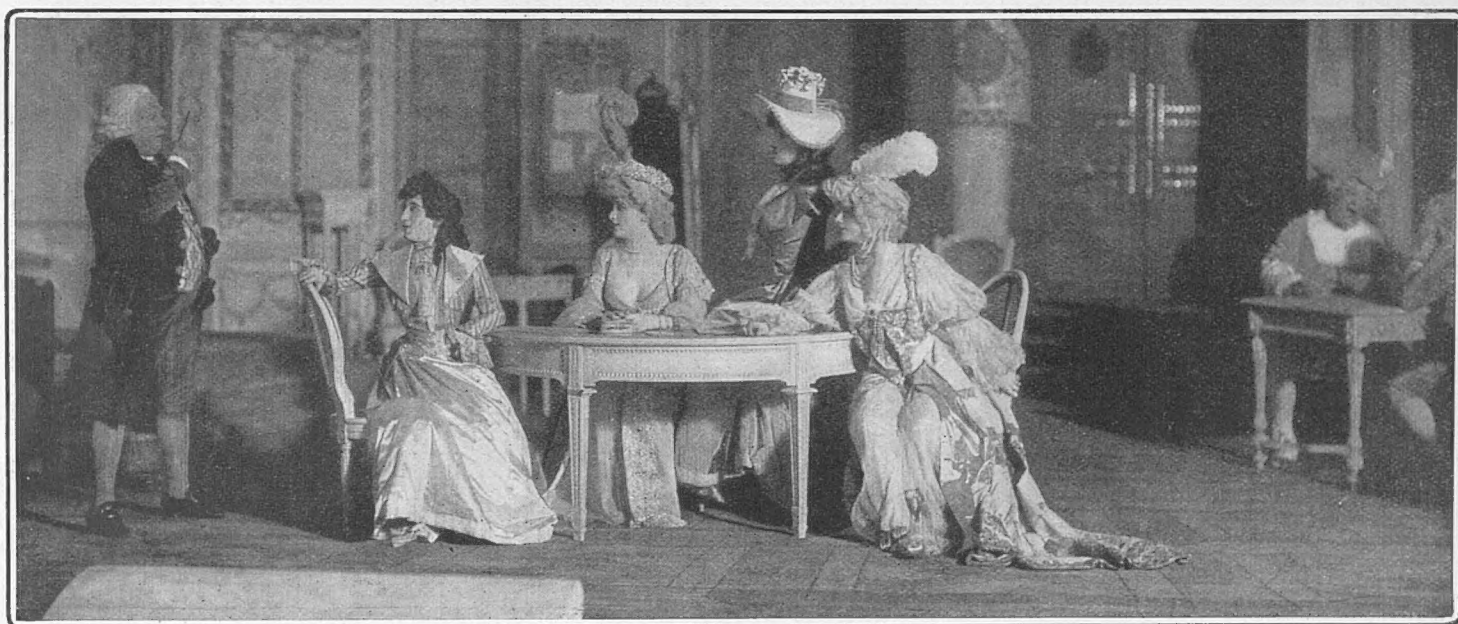


Small Talk on the Boulevards.

IN spring in Paris the young painter's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of exhibitions, and with the first outburst of budding trees comes the outburst of budding talent. This year's Salon des Beaux-Arts in the Grand Palais is, if the truth be, as it must be, told, of very average excellence. The quantity of canvases is as large if not larger even than last year, but as to quality a good deal remains to be desired. And it has not, so far, been very easy to see all the pictures, for other things than pictures are on show on "Vernissage Day," and time, tide, and the master-printer wait for no man. Jean Veber has a portrait of Guity in a pink dressing-gown which causes one to regret "Les Bouches Inutiles," and the only great man

From what I hear about "Varennés," the new play in which Madame Sarah Bernhardt is to play Marie Antoinette, another big success should follow hard upon "La Sorcière." The

story follows the misfortunes of the King and Queen from the night in June 1791 when, twenty minutes after midnight, they fled from Paris in the carriage ordered in the English name of Crawford. We are to see the Royal couple and their children drive into the little village of Varennés, from which the play is named, and where the King mistook M. de Préfontaine's house for the inn, and by so doing was retaken. We are to see the "Bras d'Or" Inn, where the alarm was given, and the shop of the grocer, Sauce, where Louis and the Queen remained as prisoners; and, finally, the seventh Act



Madame Réjane.

[Photograph by Boyer, Paris.]

A SCENE FROM "LA MONTANSIER," MADAME RÉJANE'S LATEST SUCCESS.

"La Montansier," on the point of being arrested as suspected of Royalist sympathies, turns the tables on her pursuers by enrolling herself and her fellow-players in the Army of National Defence.

of the Beaux-Arts really up to his reputation is John Sargent, whose "Portrait of a Gentleman" is quite the finest thing in the Salon. Coming to pictures by the smaller men, there are a few well worthy notice, among them being Parke C. Dogherty's "The Rising Moon," a beautiful marsh-land effect, to which, unfortunately, no reproduction can do justice; for its charm and glamour are mainly in the colouring; "Les Vieilles Demoiselles," by Miller; and a delightful character-sketch of the Paris cabman by Mr. Henry S. Hubbell.

A New "Sport." Parisians this week are busy with a new "sport." "Le sport nouveau"—you must pronounce "sport" without the "t" if you would be Parisian and a Clubman of the most sympathetic—is to ask for Mdle. Sylviac on the telephone, and hear the angry sounds which ensue when you call her number. For Mdle. Sylviac has said rude things about the "demoiselles du téléphone," a paternal department has cut off the lady from telephonic communication with the outer world, the actress—did I say that Mdle. Sylviac was a well-known actress?—has brought an action against the Minister of Commerce, two Deputies have given notice of interpellations in the Chamber, and several leading newspapers of Paris have thrown their columns open to complaints from telephone subscribers generally, which, when collected, will be classified and sent in to the Postmaster-General. All of which means a very pretty storm in the Paris tea-cup and forms an excellent topic of conversation at "five o'clocks" in fair Lutetia's drawing-rooms.

shows us the Place de la Concorde, with cannon thundering, and the mob howling for the heads of the King, Queen, and little Dauphin, who drive in through their midst to the gilt gates of the Palais des Tuileries. There are to be no less than thirteen horses and a dozen dogs upon the stage.

The New Réjane Play.

"La Montansier," the new play in which Madame Réjane and the great Coquelin are appearing together for the first time, is a reincarnation of the period—that of the Revolution and of the First Empire—which has already proved so rich a mine to the French playwright. "La Montansier," like "Madame Sans-Gêne," was in her day—which, by the way, lasted some ninety years, for she was born in 1740 and lived till 1830—a real woman. She was the first individual connected with the drama who invented the theatrical syndicate, and at one time she owned at least a dozen theatres in Paris and the provinces. The authors of the play have, of course, only dealt with one of the many picturesque sections of her long life, that which saw her enrolling the whole of her Company in the National Army, one of the most amazing of the many amazing episodes which lent a touch of fantastic romance to the closing days of "The Terror." The scene where "La Montansier," on the point of being arrested as suspected of Royalist sympathies, turns the tables on her pursuers by enrolling herself and her fellow-players in the Army of National Defence is one of the best in the play, and is that of which we reproduce a photograph.

THE VOGUE OF MUSICAL COMEDY: THREE "SHOWS" FOR FRIVOLOUS LONDONERS.



GROUP OF DANCING-GIRLS IN "THE CINGALEE," AT DALY'S.
Photograph by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.



THE PUSSY-CAT SONG IN "THE CHERRY GIRL," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.
Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



SCENE FROM "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN," SHORTLY TO BE PRODUCED AT THE SHAFTESBURY.
Photograph by Byron, New York.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

IF anything were needed to demonstrate the horror and absurdity of war, the terrible fate of the *Petropavlovsk* would suffice. In the light of the early accounts, my morning paper declares that the ill-fated ship was literally blown out of the water, and that in a very few moments all on board, with few exceptions, had gone to meet death in the depths. It is safe to say that this horrible tragedy has roused the sympathy and grief of millions of people. And yet the fate is no more than Admiral Makaroff was prepared to undergo or to inflict upon the enemy. It is part of the *Kriegspiel*, and when it has taken place we can do no more than express our horror. To the peace-loving, reasonable man, the whole tragedy of the conflict is inexpressible. What had Admiral Makaroff and his gallant men to do with the shifty policy that kept Russia at Port Arthur and in Manchuria? How can Russia afford to lose a man who, like Makaroff, stood for the very best traditions of the service? If the men who counselled the Czar to repudiate his contracts and bring about the war had been on board the *Petropavlovsk*, there would not have been one murmur of sympathy from Europe.

I am prepared to read any amount of rubbish about the Anglo-French agreement; in fact, I will write some for any editor who will pay an unfair price for it. Frankly, I think that the judicious will grieve when the hour of enthusiasm yields place to the day of calm thought. Of course, the good understanding is a fine thing, but, shades of Palmerston, what a lot we have given away! Our clever neighbour, through the brilliant Delcassé, has started the division of disputed territory by putting a ton weight into her side of the scales and labelling it "French *amour-propre*." Then she added another ton weight and labelled it "British embarrassments, political and financial." Doubtless

Lord Lansdowne fought hard to secure better terms, but, as the political conditions stand to-day, only a Talleyrand could have succeeded. At the same time, our Foreign Secretary's intimate knowledge of French is to be regretted. Had he been no better equipped than some of the other members of the Cabinet, he could have misunderstood the full significance of some aspects of the arrangement. "Treaties," remarked Lord Salisbury, one evening after a public dinner, when he was taking the world into his confidence, "are not immortal." There is no reason to believe that the present arrangement has more claim to immortality than its authors.

It is not well to serve a Grand Lama; it avails a man nothing to die in the defence of that dim, distant, and dirty potentate. My morning paper tells me that the head of the poor wretches whose ignorance and fanaticism cost them their lives has been dishonoured after death by the Pope of the Asiatic Highlands. Such worldly goods

as he possessed have been confiscated by the Grand Lama, because the British were not defeated. This arbitrary procedure presses hardly upon the dead leader's relatives. Perhaps they may find some consolation in the reflection that the Grand Lama's use of the stolen property is likely to be brief, unless the solemn curses he has inflicted upon the advancing British column develop unexpected powers.

Señor Maura is to be congratulated. An attempt having been made upon his life by the Anarchist Artal, he may find a few hours' popularity and sympathy in Spain. If he does, there will not be much need to regret the attack, more particularly as it will enable

him to justify forcible action in dealing with suspects. Anarchist outrages are quite a blessing to unpopular Ministers. I have been assured in Madrid that the *agent provocateur* is often called upon to arrange one in times of stress. So soon as the report has gone abroad, the police pay a series of domiciliary visits, people who trouble the Government are arrested on all sides, and, as there is no Habeas Corpus Act to trouble Spanish administrators, the Government's enemies do not see daylight before they have learned to appreciate the advantages of discretion. 'Tis a happy land to travel in, but the life of a reformer in Spain is more exciting than profitable. Note that Señor Maura, a rank Ultramontane, who is hated by every Liberal in Spain, went himself to the telephone-office to announce to the world that he had been assassinated by an Anarchist—I mean, that somebody who may be an Anarchist struck at him with a penknife and did not hurt him.



[DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.]

"It is becoming fashionable for paupers to inherit fortunes."—MORNING PAPER.

THE LATEST PORTRAITS OF WEALTHY WILLIE AND TASTEFUL TIM.

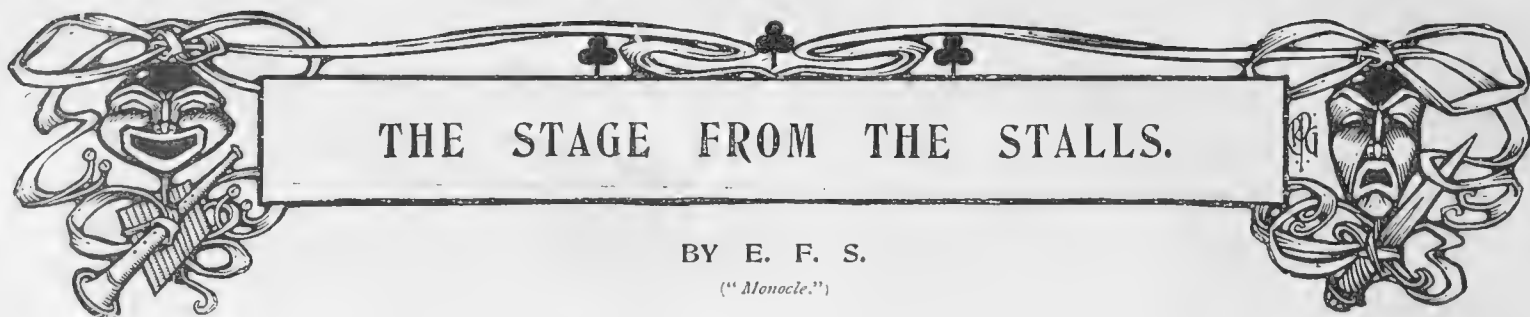
require some attention, George Canning is left unwashed." This sentence from my evening paper caught my eye and made me rub it. Seeing that the faithful optic had not deceived me, I turned to the head of the note and saw that the reference was to the dead statesmen whose statues front our public squares. My sympathy has been with them for many years. None of his political opponents ever painted "Pam" or "Dizzy" as black as both stand to-day in the face of a generation that benefits by their achievements. Consider the case of the statesman. He may labour all the days of his life, scornful of the eight-hour limit, beloved of his countrymen, and, when he has toiled for a generation, its successors will not give a day in the year to keeping his memory clean. Why does not some man with more money than uses for it earn cheap immortality by founding and endowing an institution for keeping famous men washed through the dust and dirt of our smoke-begrimed Metropolis?

"Lord Palmerston, although he holds himself very stiff and erect, is in a very dirty condition; Earl Beaconsfield will

THE HUMOURIST ON THE RIVIERA.



SKETCHES AT MONTE CARLO BY LEWIS BAUMER.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE SWORD OF THE KING," THE BURLESQUE AT TERRY'S, "LA POUPÉE," AND "SATURDAY TO MONDAY."

"THE SWORD OF THE KING" belongs to a class of work which sorely tempts the critic to attempt to write a comic notice, because, despite the obvious sincerity of the author, Mr. Ronald Macdonald, a good deal of it is unintentionally amusing. The work certainly started ill with a bedchamber scene and the

heroine in her white bed-garment. We have had plenty of bedroom scenes, with ladies in what are popularly called their "little nighties," from "Fra Diavolo" to "The Three Musketeers," and they have generally shocked some people, and rarely proved altogether effective. There was an awkward touch of bathos in the latest of them. It was very noble, &c., of the beautiful heroine, Philippa Drayton, to hide Mr. Ben Webster in her bed, and one might have had a thrilling affair, such as the famous episode in "The Cloister and the Hearth," but poor Mr. Webster, bundled up and huddled in disguise as an old woman with a toothache, was quite fatal, though, to be fair to the actor, he played his part throughout very well. It would have taken a really powerful play to subdue the feeling of scornful mirth aroused, though it is but just to

Hilarius, though the author does not contribute a fair share, is a really comic creation. Miss Edna May is quite at her best as the doll girl; Mr. Roland Cunningham comes well out of the difficult task of following Mr. Courtice Pounds; Mr. Wibrow is still amusing as Chauterell, though there is too much of him; and Mr. Norman Salmond's fine voice is of great value.

People may be divided into two groups—those who, when a cruel practical joke or hoax is perpetrated, laugh with the perpetrator, and those who weep with the victim. I am glad to think that the former group, members of which consider the latter deficient in a sense of humour, is diminishing. At the St. James's, those on the side of the hoaxer did not have a clear majority, and so, though the first Act went splendidly and there was a good deal of laughter afterwards, the enthusiasm of many fell to apathy and then changed to something like hostility. Some felt that pretty Mrs. Wendover, instead of marrying Lord Culvert, ought to have had him ducked in the backwater near the island to which, by means of his lies, he sent lady after lady to a scene of humiliation. Others saw fun in the whole affair and laughed gleefully at the idea of the distress of the old maids, easily gulled by Culvert because they were so simple as to think that a man, apparently a gentleman, would not lie grossly to their severe cost merely for his amusement. It will be said at once that this is approaching "Saturday to Monday" by the wrong road, that it is an "irresponsible comedy" (*vide* programme) and can plead irresponsibility. I have no doubt that it could have been handled so as to avoid offence even to the tenderest. By turning the whole of the first Act—the Act clever, even to brilliance, till the last episode of it—into farce, and rushing the whole play through with a hustle and bustle, the entire work might have been made so definitely non-human as to escape the charge of inhumanity. Unfortunately, Messrs. Fenn and Pryce, who gave us a clever, promising little play at the last performance of the Stage Society, have not been unanimous. One might almost fancy that their collaboration had been carried out by postal communication, that Mr. Fenn wrote from time to time to Mr. Pryce begging him to bring in a few roars of laughter, and had in return received a request for a genteel scene or two—the functions might have been the other way about. An episode illustrates. One imagines Mr. P. (or Mr. F.) writing to Mr. F. (or Mr. P.) saying, "Will make Pidding sit on tea-cup—bound to get a roar; it always does," and receiving the answer, "Not genteel enough, and rather too chestnutty," with, as outcome, a compromise: the cup is placed on the seat, he is about to sit on it, the cup is removed in time, and the audience (or part of it) laughed at its own disappointment.

Why treat the work of two young authors so harshly? Why not seek out the good points—and stretch some? Why not find good in everything? Because the authors have not taken themselves seriously. Messrs. Fenn and Pryce show plainly that they can do far better. Their first Act is evidence of this: apart from the amazing tomfoolery of the dance at the end, it is cleverly constructed, indicates traces of character, is neatly written, and promises an agreeable light comedy, and here and there afterwards come individual scenes of excellence; but the basis idea belongs to broad farce, whilst a sort of snobbishness—intellectual snobbishness—causes them to try to convert it into "a silk purse." This shamefacedness about farce is irritating; farce is not, of course, the highest class of drama, yet has been frankly written by some of the great dramatists, and a good farce is far better than a mediocre comedy or a farrago of farce and comedy. Look at the real dignity, as works of art, of the Pinero farces: who need shun farce after them, or try to get the fun out of some scheme too extravagant for comedy, and yet claim privilege of comedy by introducing scenes of comedy and making programme statements?

No doubt there is a good deal of fun in the piece for all of us, and quite an immense amount for those who can laugh with the hoaxer and enjoy the misery of the victims and agony of the unfortunate Probyn Dyke. So it may well happen that Mr. Alexander's return to English drama will prove successful, but it is to be hoped that the authors will aim higher another time, or, at least, aim more accurately. The acting is somewhat infected with the spirit of the play; this will have to be modified. The players must take off their coats, roll back their sleeves, pin up their skirts, and play with more of a whirr and rattle. Even Mr. Alexander, quite charming in some scenes, adopts the wrong method in others. Still, one must name Miss Forbes-Robertson, remarkably good in the last Act, and Mr. Hignett, Miss Wetherall, Miss Beet, and Miss Braithwaite.



MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE AS "COUSIN KATE" IN AMERICA.

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

remark that, towards the close of the third Act, Mr. Macdonald did succeed in carrying the house with him and causing an outburst of enthusiasm, and, had the play ended on this, all might have been forgiven and forgotten—perhaps a rather unamiable remark.

It may be taken that the author, although his technical skill is limited, really has good stuff in him, and one of these days may use his somewhat flamboyant imagination successfully. At the same time, the comparative ineffectiveness of some excellent actors suggests that Mr. Macdonald has no great natural sense of the stage. Miss Molesworth, somehow, though she commanded the house in her best scene, failed to control the audience in the awkward moments. Plenty of energy and a fair amount of skill are hers, and, perhaps, in a better play she may distinguish herself. Mr. Fulton's William was fairly impressive, but the character was a trifle tedious. Miss Mary Rorke was admirable, Miss May Harvey played very cleverly, and there was merit in the work of Mr. Holmes-Gore and Mr. Mark Blow.

Is it necessary, by way of criticism upon the new skit at Terry's, to give more than its title, "The Duchess of Silliecrankie; or, The Earl and the Cheery Girl on their Cingularlee Honeymoon"? and certainly one can take it that the title gives a fair idea of the quality of the piece by Messrs. Fordwych and Wimperis. Some parts, no doubt, are rather funny, and Miss Kitty Loftus and Mr. Marvin worked with great energy and some success. There were several imitations that amused the house, and a sort of parody of "The Darling of the Gods" that went well, whilst some of the puns and the jokes had a fair amount of point. "La Poupée" seems likely to enjoy another run. It is not of the highest class of light French comic opera, but the music is refreshing after the rather heavy kind of music of which we have had something of a surfeit in musical comedy. The tunes may not reach the dignity of melody, but they have a gaiety and spontaneity which are very engaging. Fortunately, Mr. Willie Edouin is in his old part. His

THE MEMORIAL PERFORMANCES
AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.



MISS MABEL MOORE AS JESSICA.



MRS. F. R. BENSON AS PORTIA.

IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

THE MEMORIAL PERFORMANCES AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

SHAKSPERE at Stratford-on-Avon! There is a magic in the association, as there is an alliteration in the suggestion. The magic is, however, one rather of the mind than of fact, when the painful reflection is borne in upon us that the path to the Mecca to which the footsteps of the faithful in literature are directed is not by any means most trodden by Shakspeare's own countrymen.

Still,

When comes in the sweet o' the year,
And the red blood reigns in the winter's pale,

when the uncertain days of April lengthen towards the end of the month, Stratford not only gains but loses in importance. It gains because, as the shrine of Shakspeare's genius, it is the scene of the production of many of the plays which are jewels in the crown of our literature, and by so much it becomes the chief literary city in the country, if not in the Empire. It loses because it proves once more that, while Shakspeare was "not for a day, but for all time," he was also not for one city, but for the country, which thus becomes "Shakspeare's England"; nay, not for the country, but for the Empire; not for the Empire, but for the whole world.

In accordance with what may now be considered a time-honoured custom, the direction of the Festival has been entrusted to Mr. F. R. Benson, who, during the three weeks it will last, is producing eleven of the plays. "The Tempest" leads with three performances, and two performances each are to be given of "Hamlet," "Richard II.," "Julius Cæsar," "As You Like It," and "A Winter's Tale," while "The Merry Wives," "King Lear," "Twelfth Night," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Merchant of Venice" are each to be played once.

On the other hand, to "The Orestean Trilogy of Æschylus," as it is called—"Agamemnon," "The Libation-Bearers," and "The Furies"—no fewer than five performances are to be devoted, the plays, rendered into English by E. D. A. Morshead, being so arranged that they will occupy about three hours. Plays by other authors have always been introduced into the Festival, but they have hitherto been English classics, and not Greek ones.

It may be that one of the determining factors for the introduction of Greek Tragedy is to be found in the fact that it was as Clytemnestra, with the Oxford University Dramatic Society, that Mr. Benson, during his undergraduate career at the University, first attracted attention and his success suggested his future professional career. Be that as it may, however, the fact has a pleasant retrospective interest at the moment. The present arrangement cannot help being criticised adversely by the purists, who might not unnaturally expect that at a Festival in honour of Shakspeare such representative tragedies as "Othello," "Macbeth," and "Romeo



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. F. R. BENSON.

and Juliet" would not be omitted, nor would "Much Ado About Nothing" be conspicuous by its absence, while none of the English historical plays, with the exception of "Richard II.," are in the programme. On the other hand, there are many who will declare that with eleven plays in three weeks even the most exigent might be satisfied, seeing how comparatively few are seen in London in a twelvemonth.

On Shakspeare's birthday (the 23rd) the selection has been most appropriately made of "Hamlet" and "As You Like It." The tragedy is to be acted at the matinée and the comedy in the evening, an arrangement, no doubt, convenient for the large gathering which the greatest of the tragedies never fails to attract and which will be able to return home to the surrounding districts at an early hour. The psychological requirements would, however, rather be served by the tragedy, so many of whose scenes take place at night, being given in the evening, while the comedy, which, with the exception of a single scene, takes place during the day, would be more suitable for the sunshine.

On that day of days the actor most to be envied is probably not the representative of Hamlet, but of the Ghost, not he who impersonates Jaques or Orlando, whichever is picked as the better part, but Adam. The reason for this is obvious. They are the parts which tradition

has handed down as having been played by Shakspeare himself, who, in his enthusiasm for an artistic ensemble and the perfection of the presentation of his work, selected the characters for which he was best suited rather than the most important in the play, an objection very rarely followed in modern times.

Nor will London—which, after all, was the seat of Shakspeare's intellectual and managerial activity—be without its own particular Celebration, for the Elizabethan Stage Society will give "Much Ado About Nothing" at Burlington House, representing the play in much the same way as it was probably acted in Shakspeare's own time, with this difference, however, that Dr. Frederick J. Furnivall, who has

enriched the Shaksperian literature with so many contributions and who has, by his exertions, done so much to advance the study of Shakspeare, will deliver a short address. On the birthday itself, Mr. Fairman Ordish is to conduct a party through Shakspeare's London, and Mr. Carmichael Stopes is to deliver a short address in the Hall of Gray's Inn, while in the evening the usual Commemoration Dinner is to take place at the Criterion Restaurant. On Sunday, Professor Israel Gollancz, whose edition of Shakspeare's works is so well known, is to deliver a lecture at St. James's Hall, and Dr. Richard Garnett will, on Monday, speak at Burlington House. Finally, a Conversation will be held on Friday (29th) at the Passmore Edwards Settlement.

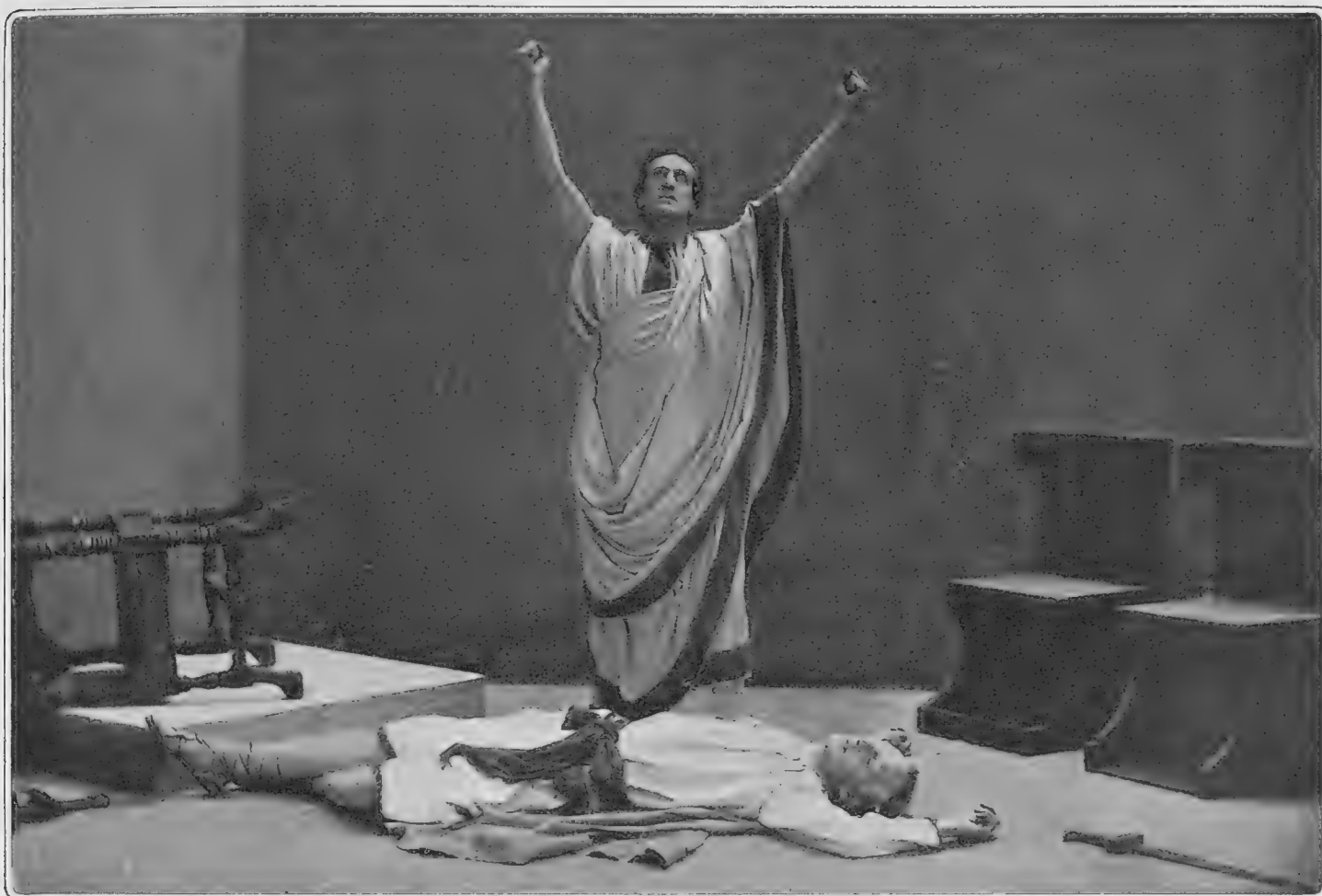


Perdita (Mrs. Benson). Autolycus (Mr. G. R. Weir). Florizel (Mr. C. Keightley).

A SCENE FROM "A WINTER'S TALE."

Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

THE MEMORIAL PERFORMANCES AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.



Marcus Antonius (Mr. F. R. Benson). Julius Cæsar (Mr. Walter Hampden).

"JULIUS CÆSAR": ACT. III., SCENE I.

"O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?"



Bassanio (Mr. Cyril Keightley). Antonio (Mr. Walter Hampden).

Shylock (Mr. F. R. Benson).

The Notary (Mr. Philip Sanders).

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE": ACT IV., SCENE I.

SHYLOCK: *If every ducat in six thousand ducats were in six parts, and every part a ducat, I would not draw them—I would have my bond.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

TYPES OF RUSSIAN INFANTRY.

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



I.—A FOOT-SOLDIER OF THE LINE IN WINTER CAMPAIGNING-DRESS.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WAR-ARTIST.

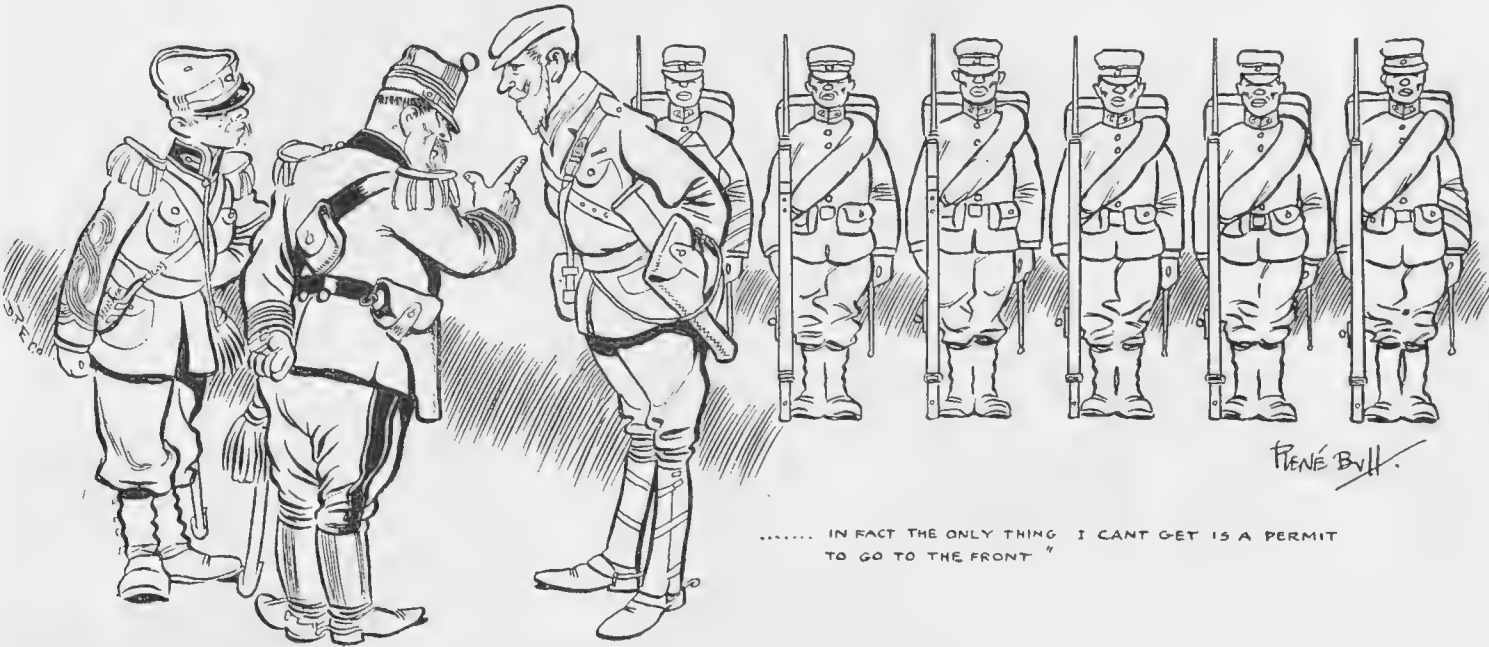


" HAVE ARRIVED SAFELY IN JAPAN. —



..... HORSES I PROCURED QUITE EASILY

..... AND STORES ARE PLENTIFUL AND CHEAP



RENÉ BULL.

..... IN FACT THE ONLY THING I CANT GET IS A PERMIT TO GO TO THE FRONT "

A TOPICAL DISCUSSION.

BY "THE BRIDGE FOUR."

THEY had been playing Bridge for two hours, and were now enjoying a short interval for tea, cigarettes, and conversation before settling down to the final rubber. They were four women, all very nice to look upon, all very enthusiastic Bridge-players, and all gifted with varying degrees of intelligence. They met to play Bridge with astonishing regularity twice a-week, and they played from half-past two till half-past four, and then from five till six. They generally met at the same house. It belonged to one of the four—a widow, a little woman, always well-dressed, always practical, and nearly always cheerful. Her house was in a position described by the agents as "central," and for that reason the other three women, who lived in districts more remote from Bond Street, were glad that she should be willing for their Bridge-parties to be held there. The Smart Woman, with her beautiful coiffure and her charming presence, found it so easy to drop in there after lunching at Prince's or the Carlton.

The Actress said it was absolutely the only place in London to which she would have time to come so often. It was comparatively near the theatre if she had a morning rehearsal, and the dressmakers and photographers were all within easy reach. The Actress had her affectations, but they were mostly assumed, and her very few friends knew her to be a kind, shrewd woman whose sense of humour redeemed her otherwise ultra-romantic point of view.

The fourth member of the party—the Girl—was a more or less untrammelled being as far as work or social duties were concerned, and any engagement could always be thrust aside for Bridge, such was her enthusiasm for the game. Her school-days still trailed quite near her recently lengthened and very fashionable skirts, but she was worldly wise with the worldly wisdom of the modern schoolgirl, as independent as every young woman nowadays strives to be. At this moment she pushed back her chair and, tilting it to a very extreme angle, till her companions nervously wondered if she and it could possibly maintain their equilibrium, she puffed cigarette-rings meditatively straight up towards the ceiling. "I haven't held a card to-day," she said; and then, without waiting for sympathy, she continued, "Jim says there's going to be an awful Continental rumpus." Jim was her brother, a person of some importance in the City.

"Explain, please," said the Hostess.

"China will help Japan; then France and Germany will help Russia; then we shall have to go and help Japan, too; and then, when all our ships have been enticed away, Germany and France will invade England."

"My goodness!" said the Actress. "It'll be horribly bad for the theatres. Is Jim quite sure about it? I do wish I could make as good smoke-rings as yours—"

The Smart Woman laughed. "You do put things so lucidly," she said to the Girl; "the situation in a nutshell, one might call it. Does Jim say how soon it will happen?"

"No," replied the Girl; "but he is going to buy a new motor at once, instead of waiting till he has sold his other one. Another cigarette, please."

The Hostess passed the silver box. "What on earth has that got to do with it?" she asked. "I am sure it must bear on the subject, but my brain at this moment—thanks, perhaps, to our two hours' Bridge—can't fathom it, and requires an explanation."

"Why, things have been awfully bad in the City," answered the Girl.

"Don't I know it!" ejaculated the Smart Woman; "I couldn't have my sable cape re-made this year."

"Well, Jim says they are bound to get worse and worse till everyone has no money left; and so, if you have any money now, it's much best to spend it before you lose it—and so he's going to get a new motor."

The other three women laughed.

"It's delightful reasoning," said the Hostess. "Jim is a most cheerful pessimist."

"Of course, if Germany and France really do invade England, it's no good investing money in English securities," said the Actress. "I think I shall bury my salary in my garden; then, when they come, I shall have money enough to get to Australia or somewhere—perhaps enough to take us all four, then we needn't give up our Bridge."

"I thought you spent your salary beforehand," said the Smart Woman. "My allowance has generally gone two years in advance, and I know you are extravagant, while I keep accounts."

"If you tell us that again," said the Hostess, sternly, "I will insist on seeing the account-book. You know we don't believe you."

The Actress, who was lying full-length on the sofa, interrupted. "I am really rather worried about this invasion," she said. "What does one do when one is invaded? Does one yield up one's possessions to the enemy? I haven't really got very much. I don't suppose they

would care for my furniture, though some of that is rather good old stuff. I wonder if stage jewellery would appeal to them, and I've got some really fine onyx beads which I can't get rid of, though I know they cost a great deal originally. Perhaps they'd like those!"

"Of course, you're talking nonsense," said the Girl, "and I don't see why the others think it is the least funny. You won't think it funny when the theatres all shut, and you have no work and no money, and all the policemen talk French and German."

"No, it won't be funny," said the Actress, "but it will be rather exciting. I can't talk German, so I should never get across a crowded thoroughfare; but I have played in several translations of French and German plays," she added, cheerfully. "That ought to be in my favour. Don't you think so?" she said, turning her head towards the Smart Woman.

The Smart Woman was laughing too much to answer. "I am not laughing at you, my dear," she said, when she could speak, "but at my thoughts, as my nurse used to say to me. I was thinking we might all be *vivandières* when the invasion comes. We are an attractive quartette."

"They don't have them now," said the Girl, "but perhaps that is only because they can't get them. I should think it might be good fun," she added suddenly.

"The dress is pretty," said the Actress, meditatively. "I played one once, but she didn't have much of a time, and she got killed in the last Act. It was a jolly good scene, and she died in the hero's arms, but she had a tiresome time before. You'd have to walk a lot," she said, looking at the Girl's high-heeled French shoes, which were much *en évidence*. "I remember I tramped for many weary days and nights. You wouldn't like it a bit."

"Of course, there is hospital nursing," said the Girl; but the other three women stopped her simultaneously. "Done to death!" they said, with one voice.

"An awful thought—," said the Smart Woman, and stopped.

"You are thinking more than usual, dear, to-day," said the Hostess; "but do let us hear."

"Suppose the Germans do the invading, should we have to get our clothes from Germany? Oh, I couldn't bear it!" she said, pathetically.

"Lots of German things are good," said the Hostess. "It is wonderful *how* good, especially if one doesn't know that they come from Germany."

"Oh, but not clothes!" said the Smart Woman. "My dear, imagine me in German clothes!"

"I can't," said the Hostess; "but, anyway, don't be so pathetic—perhaps it won't be so bad as that."

"I like Japan best," said the Girl, a little irrelevantly, "ever since I saw 'The Darling of the Gods'; and I saw 'Resurrection,' too, so I really know all about Japan and Russia; and I like Japan best—the dresses, the scenery, their eyebrows, everything!"

"Well, I am glad you know," said the Hostess. "It is always such a comfort to be sure about things, and those two plays have fulfilled a wonderful mission if they have settled the respective merits of Japan and Russia."

"I shan't have time for that last rubber if we talk so much," said the Smart Woman. "I promised Harry faithfully to be in time for dinner to-night. He's a patient husband as husbands go, but he hates me to be late when we have a dinner-party."

"He's a marvel," said the Hostess, "and a good Bridge-player, too."

"All the same, I must tell him what Jim says, and see if I can't persuade him to let me have the sables altered on that wonderful new motor principle."

"Jim says—," said the Girl.

"No," said the Actress, and she sat up suddenly and stretched out her hand for the cards. "What Jim says lands us in such arguments and opens up such vistas of excitement. I can't bear any more this afternoon. My time is money, you see," she added, apologetically, as the Girl looked rather sternly at her; "at least, a little of it is, and I may be going to take you all to Australia, so I mustn't be late at the theatre to-night."

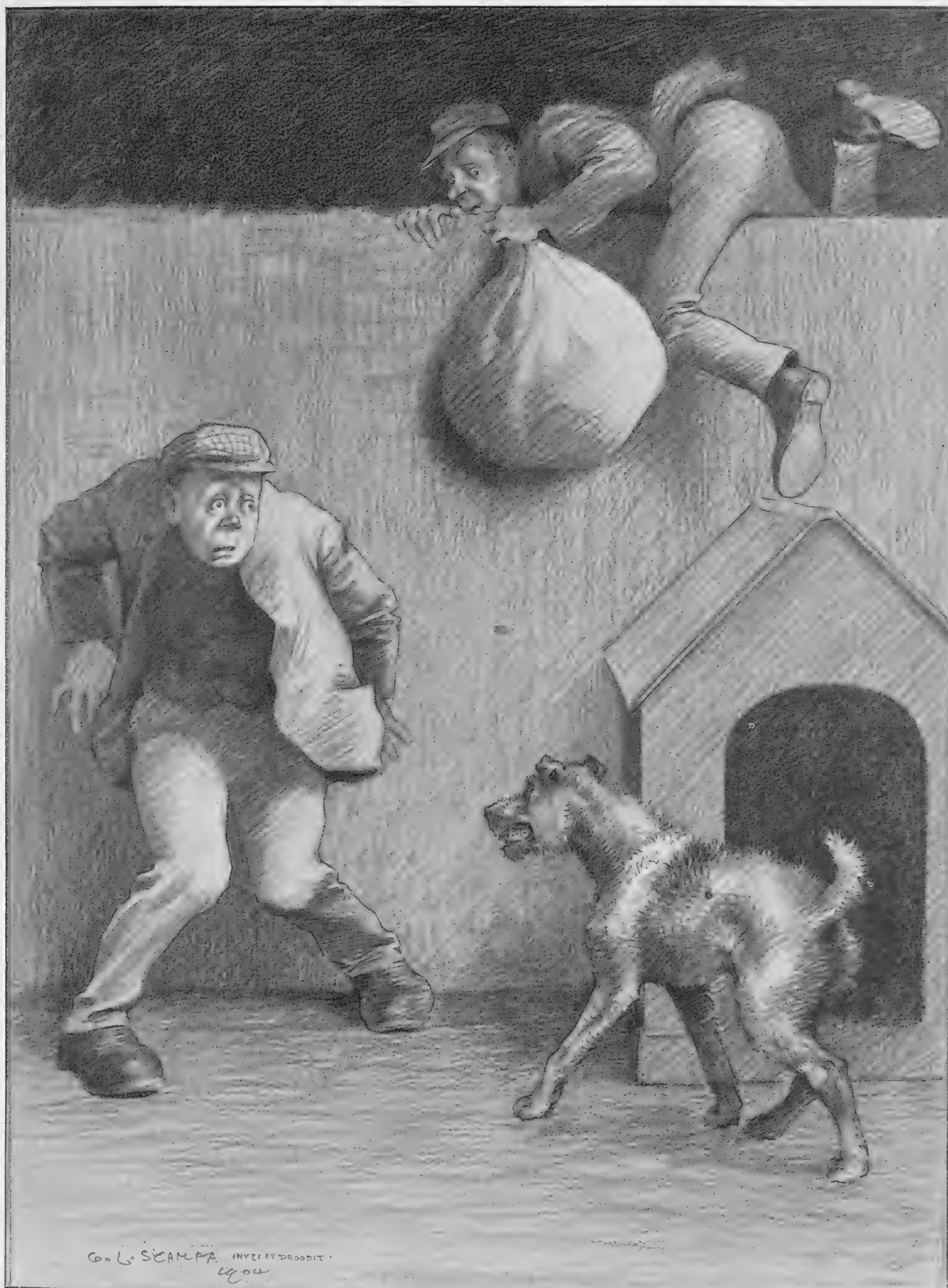
"It was important," said the Girl, "but, if I remember, I can tell you next time we meet."

And they settled down to the final rubber.



"A HAND AT BRIDGE."

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



1.—"I LEAVE IT TO YOU, PARTNER."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.



MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS.
Photograph by Dinham, Torquay.

one very creditable novel; he is variously accomplished; and yet the general public knows him not, and even the Editor of "Who's Who" fails to acknowledge him. Mr. Innes Shand was an outside contributor on the staff of the *Times* in the days of Delane, and contributes some graphic touches to the portrait of the famous Editor. Delane blended the born journalist with the man of the world. He was a recognised autocrat in Society, but he bore his honours quietly. Though he had a great regard for formidable political opponents, he had no respect for the dilettante aristocrats who climb to high places through influential connections. "Once, coming back from the Continent, I reported to him some conversations with our Minister at one of the great capitals. I was rather full of them; for the big man's fluency, condescension, and champagne had made a highly favourable impression. Delane listened, and then abruptly changed the subject: 'Oh, that old woman! Yes, she is always making love to us and can be civil when she likes.'" Delane gave Mr. Shand many books to review, and he was allowed plenty of space. He had three articles on George Eliot's biography and three on Lord Campbell's volume on Brougham and Lyndhurst, all of them long papers. In turning over the collection, I find that in those days the *Times* reviewers gave very long accounts of the books they discussed—full summaries and copious extracts. Whoever went through the articles would find himself practically independent of the book. But of criticism as now understood there was very little; and of contribution in the way of fresh details practically nothing at all. This method is now coming into favour again, but there need be no hesitation in saying that many of the criticisms which at present appear in the Literary Supplement of the *Times* have far more thoroughness and permanent value than those of the 'seventies and 'eighties, although they may be less popular.

Mr. Shand also served under Chenery, Delane's successor. He thinks that Chenery should have been his own correspondent. Had it been so, his days would have been prolonged. "A Barbadian by birth, he was a genuine Parisian, and life on the Boulevards was genuine luxury to him. But, unlike Delane, he never could leave his paper behind him. Every morning he tore open the newly arrived

I POSSESS two large volumes in which the reviews appearing in the *Times* from 1859 to 1890 are collected. A new light has been thrown upon it by the appearance of an article, "Memories of the *Times*," in the April *Cornhill*. The author is Mr. Alexander Innes Shand, who discloses himself as a leading reviewer in the columns of that great journal. Mr. Shand is a man who has never quite come to his own. All his life he has been writing in the best papers and magazines; he has published more than

Times with eagerness, and smiled or frowned as the case might be. A trifling mistake would overcloud his whole day." The truth is that the burden of the *Times* was too heavy for Chenery. He was not cut out for an exceptional routine of incessant work and worry. Things got upon his nerves, and he succumbed to an operation which otherwise he might have survived.

Mr. Thomas Wright of Olney, who has edited William Cowper's Letters and written the Life of Edward

FitzGerald, is engaged on a Life of Walter Pater. It remains to be seen how far Mr. Wright will be allowed to use Pater's unpublished letters and journals. If he has freedom to do so, the result should be very valuable. Meanwhile, we have a short biography from New York, written by Mr. Ferris Greenslet and published by McClure. Mr. Greenslet does not add anything to the biographical facts already given in Mr. Gosse's article, but he criticises elaborately Pater's style and philosophy. He speaks of what he calls the Alexandrian style of Pater's prose, of its beauty, its lucidity, its substance freighted with the author's personality, as far as he desired to reveal that personality. Reminded of his old times of labour with the file, Pater exclaimed, "Ah! it is much easier now. If I live long enough, no doubt I shall learn quite to like writing."

Mrs. Edith Wharton is about to publish a volume of short stories, entitled "The Destiny of Man." The author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," a book which has delighted America, has also written a short story. Mary E. Wilkins's new book is to be called "The Givers." Jack London's new volume will be called "The Faith of Men, and Other Stories."

Mr. Marion Crawford has been visiting America, but is now back again at Sorrento, where he is completing his new novel dealing with modern Rome and Sicilian life. His biography of Pope Leo XIII., written with the assistance of a gentleman high in Vatican circles, is now receiving final revision. King Victor Emmanuel has conveyed his personal thanks to Mr. Crawford for his letter in defence of Italy and Italians, published in a New York paper, in reply to some criticisms by Mrs. Atherton.

Mr. Henry Norman, who has been interviewing the Czar, has written for the May number of the *Century* an article on "The British Parliament from the Inside." The illustrations are by André Castaigne.

Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, "The Prodigal Son," will be shorter than its predecessors. It is to run to about one hundred and twenty thousand words in all. The scenes are laid in Iceland, Paris, and London. O. O.



MR. W. E. NORRIS.
Photograph by Dinham, Torquay.



COWPER DAY (APRIL 25): THE POET'S BIRTHPLACE,
Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

MRS. GARRAGE'S VENGEANCE.

By CLO GRAVES.

MRS. GARRAGE (*of last Season's batch of brides, fluffily delicious in a resting-gown of pink Japanese crepon trimmed with chinchilla, to GARRAGE, CAPTAIN FRANK ALDERLEY, of 00, Sloane Street, formerly of the Green Dragoons, who is smoking the after-luncheon cigarette on the rug, with his irreproachable back-parting on his wife's lap*). You acted very well last night, Panks, though I say it. (*With possessive pride*.) Anybody would have taken you for a real professional!

GARRAGE (*unflattered*). Good Lor', little woman, I hope not! An actor off the stage always seems to me a kind of cross between a monkey and a peacock.

MRS. G. But on the stage, Panks, pet, they've the pull of you in the way of using their arms and legs as though they belonged, don't you see?

GARRAGE (*blowing rings*). You're thinking of Scudamore last night in that popping scene, when he said, "Is this love?" Why do people in plays ask themselves such beastly silly conundrums? . . . I felt like answering, "No, old man, it's a dashed sight more like locomotor." Haw, haw!

MRS. G. (*with a wifely titter*). Bad boy! Oh, you've got some wig-paste in your ear!

GARRAGE. It's such thundering stuff to stick. What price your eyebrows and complexion?

MRS. G. (*rubbing her cheek with her handkerchief*). I put it on too thick. That's the worst of knowing nothing about make-up. (*GARRAGE coughs*.) Oh, you've got on the coat you wore in the second Act!

GARRAGE. With the compromising letter still in the inside pocket. (*Pulls out a mauve envelope*.) What a lark if you hadn't known anything about the Pakenhams' amateur theatricals and had found this compromising piece of stage-property lurking in my garments, eh?

MRS. G. (*with a quiver of the lip*). A lark, you unkind boy!—If (*she fumbles for her handkerchief*) that is your idea—!

GARRAGE. Oh, James, I say, don't cry! (*He lumbers up from the rug*.)

MRS. G. (*nestling in his necktie*). Oh, what should I do if you—if you ever turned out to be like other men!

GARRAGE (*who is even more like other men than some*). My darling! My own darling! And what should I do if you were as other women are!

MRS. G. (*who boasts of no divergence from the type*). Dearest! (*An osculatory interval, then tea appears*.) Tch! (*GARRAGE rebounds*.) Please put it here, near the fire. Tea, Panks, dear?

GARRAGE. Thanks, no: we had salt fish for lunch. Something long, and cool, and fizzy's more my notion. (*Going in search of it, encounters a male visitor in the hall*.) Hullo, Vanguard! Dropped in for tea?

VANGUARD (*being relieved of a motor-coat*). If Mrs. Garrage—

GARRAGE. She'll be delighted!

MRS. G. (*effusively, as VANGUARD appears*). How sweet!

VANGUARD (*MAJOR WALTER EVERARD, Bunkertree, Norths, and St. James's Palace Flats, Elon, and Oxford; honours in Anacreontics; thirty-eight. Getting puffy under the eyes, but irresistible still*). How sweet!

MRS. G. (*consciously glancing at a mirror*). It's one of Vassin's. Glad you like it.

VANGUARD (*with a brutality which never fails to be effective*). I never said I liked it. (*He fixes his eyes on MRS. GARRAGE'S and drops softly into a chair quite near*.)

MRS. G. (*with a little thrill*). Glad you like me in it, then.

VANGUARD (*more brutally still*). I don't like you. It is not possible to like you. Don't you know that?

MRS. G. (*with another thrill*). I'm sorry!

VANGUARD (*who says the same kind of thing to every pretty woman*). There is no sorrow in you. A little devil sits in your heart rejoicing over the souls of the men you have sent to—

MRS. G. (*hastily*). Sugar?

VANGUARD. One lump. What a curious perfume! (*Sniffs*.) It seems to come in waves at one.

MRS. G. From those violets there, in the jade bowl?

VANGUARD (*more brutally than ever*). No!

MRS. G. From what, then?

VANGUARD. Your hair. That subtle perfume is one of your lures.

MRS. G. (*beginning to enjoy herself*). Really, Major Vanguard!

VANGUARD. Really, Mrs. Garrage! Ha'ah! Now you wrinkle your eyebrows and look innocent. That is another of your lures. New-fallen snow, the breast-feather of an eider-duck, the first snowdrop of the year, could not suggest greater purity, a spotlessness more complete . . . and yet—

MRS. G. (*fluttered*). I forget if you said cream?

VANGUARD. I never forget anything you say!

MRS. G. Don't you think Frank is looking well?

VANGUARD (*softly*). Damn Frank!

MRS. G. (*indignantly*). Major Vanguard!

VANGUARD. He ought to be damned. Paradise in this world and Heaven in the next—that would be manifestly unfair. Shall I go before you turn me out? Perhaps it would be wiser to go?

MRS. G. Perhaps!

VANGUARD. Ah! then I shall stay. I never did the wise thing—never in my life. Let me burn my wings a little more, please.

MRS. G. (*flushed*). How absurd you are!

VANGUARD (*coolly*). Possibly. You must be injured by this time to

the effect you produce on men. Look at your husband. Apart from you, a man of ordinary intelligence. Near you—what?

MRS. G. Do you infer that I make an idiot of my husband?

VANGUARD. He would not be a man if you did not.

MRS. G. (*suddenly remembering the mauve envelope*). Suppose my husband did not—care about me as much as you—?

VANGUARD (*with studied violence*). No man will ever care for you as much as I!

MRS. G. (*hastily*). As much as you think he does, I meant to say. (*A pause, during which she mentally arranges the details of a little impromptu comedy of which the mauve envelope is to be the main-spring*.)

VANGUARD (*wondering what the deuce she is driving at*). Can he be as original as that?

MRS. G. (*showing the mauve envelope, upside-down*). Do you call this sort of thing original? It tumbled out of one of his pockets to-day?

VANGUARD (*beginning to see light*). And you've looked inside?

MRS. G. (*putting the envelope away*). I've looked inside.

VANGUARD. And you know who she is?

MRS. G. I know who she is.

VANGUARD. Then everything's as clear as mud, and I needn't pretend to be astonished?

MRS. G. (*puzzled*). N—no, I suppose not.

VANGUARD. She's a taking woman, in the rag-and-bone-and-hank-of-hair style.

MRS. G. (*with elevated eyebrows*). Is she?

VANGUARD. And the affair has the respectability of age about it—began years before you married him.

MRS. G. (*with a ringing in her ears*). Years before—?

VANGUARD. And probably he would have broken with her long ago but for habit. Habit means a deuce of a lot in these affairs.

MRS. G. Does—does it?

VANGUARD. So don't be rough on him, Mrs. Garrage, or make a scene.

MRS. G. (*faintly*). Make a—?

VANGUARD (*moving nearer*). Keep your discovery until it's likely to be useful: Nothing like a bit of knowledge of that kind for coming in handy.

MRS. G. Why—why handy?

VANGUARD. When you've been having a nibble at the apple yourself. The Paradisiacal pippin that grows on the Tree of Knowledge. (*His moustache tickles her ear*.) Perhaps you think you won't, but you will. It's nature—human nature. So, with a prophetic eye on the glass-house of the future, don't throw stones at Garrage and Mrs. Daventry, will you?

MRS. G. (*suddenly*). Mrs. Daventry! Mrs. Daventry! (*Choking*.) She! Is it she? That—

VANGUARD. Didn't you tell me you'd read the letter—didn't you say you knew who she was?

MRS. G. The letter was a stage-property—used in amateur theatricals. I was joking. I meant to make a fool of you.

VANGUARD (*getting up in a rage*). And you have! Oh, hang it, Mrs. Garrage, you know you have! You've made me give the man away—you've made me play a part in your theatricals with a vengeance! . . . (*Grinds his teeth*.) William Tell! William Tell! Oh! look here, Mrs. Garrage, this is too raw! (*He knocks over a silver-table of the lottery miniature kind*.) No, don't ring; I'll pick them up.

MRS. G. Do be quiet! Leave those things alone, and let me think. Mrs. Daventry! Oh! and she has been so laboriously civil—so studiously— Ah-h! (*Clenching her hands*.) Give me that silver fish with the topaz eyes—quick, please! (*VANGUARD obeys, and she hurls it into the fire*.) It was her wedding-present, her— Ah-h! How shall I pay her out—both of them?

VANGUARD (*using the psychological moment*). You know!

MRS. G. (*vacantly*). Do I? (*She looks at VANGUARD, who, with his back to her, is picking the fish out of the fire with the log-tongs*.) Ah, yes, of course, that way! But I think I had rather keep the right to despise the Mrs. Daventrys, thank you all the same, Major Vanguard. Do you mind ringing that bell?

VANGUARD (*after an embarrassed pause*). I'm to go?

MRS. G. I think so, please.

VANGUARD. And you will never speak to me again?

MRS. G. Oh, dear, yes, of course I shall speak to you; it would be awfully awkward not!

VANGUARD (*hope rekindling*). And—and your revenge?

MRS. G. (*slowly*). I shall have it! It will be highly original, depend upon that—a revenge quite unique in present-day social history.

VANGUARD. You pique my curiosity.

MRS. G. As you admitted, my husband cares for me a good deal. As I found out just now, thanks to my idiotic ruse with this (*She tosses the mauve envelope into the fire*), he doesn't care for me enough to give up his—friend. Well, he shall! (*With determination*.) That's all!

VANGUARD (*with a sneer*). So that will be your revenge?

MRS. G. I told you it would be highly original. (*To the servant*) Door! (*As VANGUARD vanishes*) Gibbs shall put out the Paquin dinner-gown. (*Surveying herself in the mirror*) I mean to look better than my best to-night, and for many days and nights to come, until, until— (*She goes upstairs to dress*.)

CURTAIN.

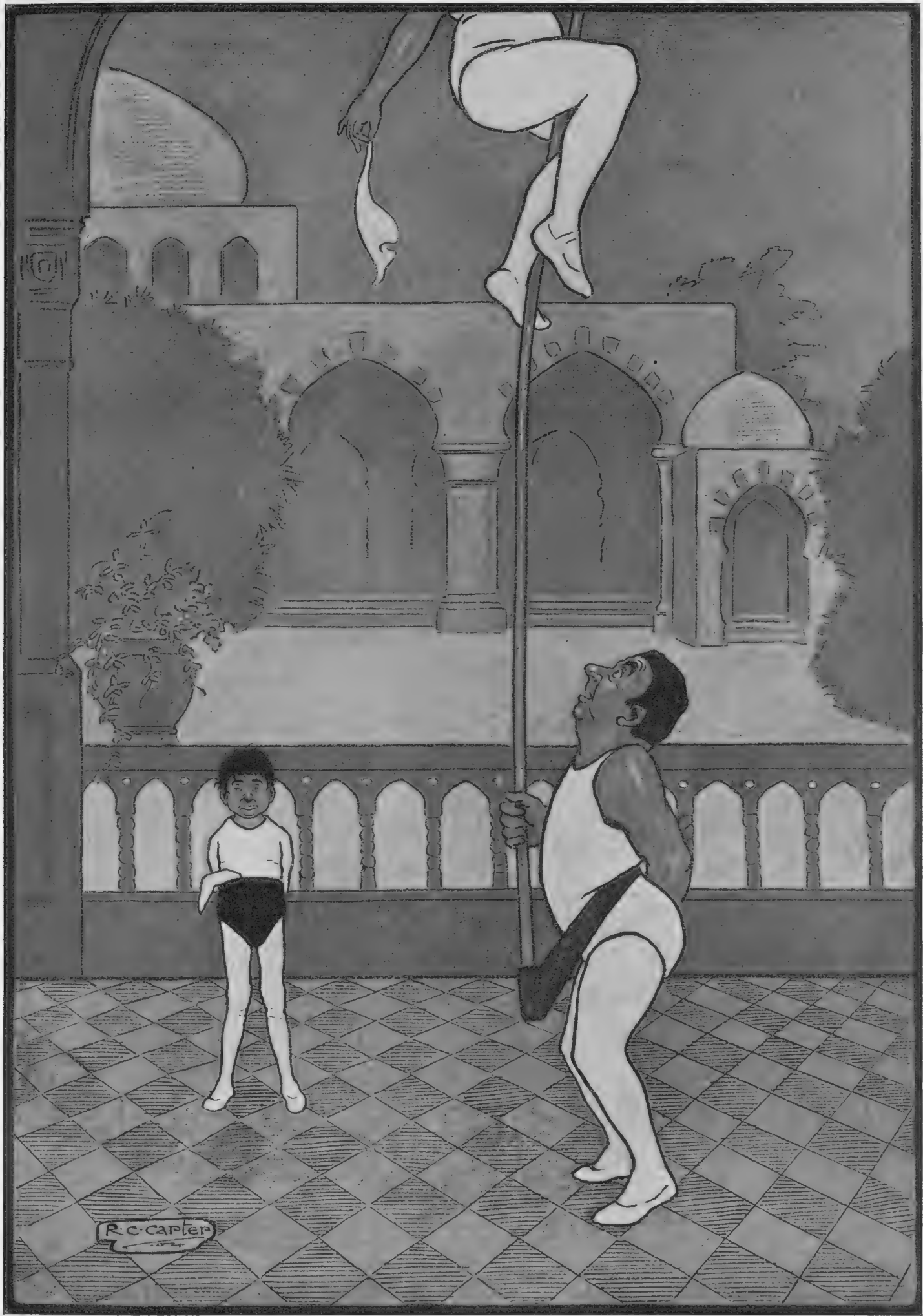
THE HUMOURIST IN REGENT STREET.



A HEARTY RESPONSE.

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

THE HUMOURIST IN THE MUSIC-HALL.



"'ERE, NOT SER MUCH BLOOMIN' SIDE, MARIA! ME BACK'S GIVIN' WAY!"

DRAWN BY R. C. CARTER.

MOVEMENTS OF THE MONEY MARKET.

Recorded by JOHN HASSALL.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

A BATTLE OF LOVES.

By HAROLD OHLSON.



SUSANNAH knew him to be a bad man. Her mother had told her so, and, of course, her mother would know. He had never entered the village church, and he was a painter. Emerging from the mind-recesses of Susannah's mother into the light of day, Herresford would be more truly observed as a man devoted to his art, worshipping all that was beautiful (the village church had been lately "restored"), and caring for little else. A pleasant fellow, but, perhaps, prone to selfishness, his philosophy scented by perfume from Eastern gardens: "Life is short and relatively unimportant; let us get through it as easily and pleasantly as possible." Not a noble philosophy, nor wise, nor true, but excellently comfortable. His desire was to live at peace with all men—most certainly with all women—and in this he succeeded. Quarrelling and hard words were disturbing, spoiling that placidity so necessary to the fit contemplation of the beautiful and interfering with the work of picturing it on canvas, which—if such a vigorous phrase may be used in connection with his nature—was his ruling passion. For the rest, he was big and well-looking, with perfect health, and an income, small certainly, yet enough to allow him to stand aside from that fight for bread forced upon millions of souls who, dumped incontinently on this planet without so much as a "by their leave," are expected to be thankful that, by continual toiling, they may live.

Susannah resided with her parents in an old house, square-halled and quaintly corridorred, perched on a wooded hill overlooking the village in the valley. From the gate of the house a path ran down the hill, winding among the tree-trunks, and, at the bottom, creeping under a stile to reach the road to the village. Susannah, on a summer morning, had taken this path as a way shorter and more pleasant than the dusty road.

Now she had been warned by her mother that this bad painter might try to make her acquaintance, as she was pretty (here Susannah nodded vigorously), but on no account—"on no account, Susannah, are you to speak to him."

"Of course not, mother!" Susannah had said, firmly.

But dangers lurk in pleasant paths. On this particular morning, she was nearing the road when she saw a man seated on the stile, with his back to her, his head bent over a newspaper, and a wreath of tobacco-smoke floating above it. It was the bad painter.

"Now what am I to do?" cried Susannah.

It was too far to go back; she must not speak to him, and he was buried in his reading. However, if speech were denied, a cough is wholly innocent. She coughed; once, daintily, without effect; again, vehemently, with so strange a sound that Herresford emerged from his paper with a start.

"I beg your pardon—I'm awfully sorry," said he, scrambling down and facing her over the stile.

Susannah bent her head solemnly, by this means lowering the brim of her hat over a pair of dancing eyes. But the situation grew still more embarrassing. The stile must be climbed, and Herresford showed no sign of retreating. Not a bit of it; he said it was a lovely morning, and then, throwing down pipe and paper, held both his hands out over the stile. As Susannah urged on her mother afterwards, what could she do but allow him to help her over the obstacle? Certain it is that she did nothing else. The ascent was dignified; the descent a little less so. Safely in the road, she thanked Herresford and went on her way. On her return the stile was unoccupied, but she observed the wicked painter, bearing stool and easel, trudging up a distant hill.

"I'm sure he is a gentleman," she reflected. "Mother doesn't know anything about him."

And Herresford, painting on his hill, thought a good deal of Susannah, so charming a picture in her dainty frock and big hat, and smiled as he remembered the stile and that terrible cough. And the morning was so beautiful, with the sunlight flooding the grassy hills and deep hollows filled with trees, with the warm, soft air bearing the scent of the earth and the life-giving breath of countless trees. Surely a morning on which it was good to live, and, better still, to love.

"In fact, it is almost a necessity to be in love in such weather," reflected Herresford.

In the course of the week following he met Susannah many times;

golden moments granted by happy chance. Although that young lady knew her parents would not allow him to see her in her home, yet it must be admitted that she entered into the acquaintanceship with huge delight. Here was an artist, and therefore, of course, penniless and romantic, and certainly handsome. Here, too, were meetings clandestine, all friendship being strongly opposed—indeed, absolutely forbidden—by parental authority. What more could a girl want? Certainly a glorious week.

At the end of it, the progress of affairs may be gathered from a letter that Herresford wrote to his friend Felix, himself an artist and busy on a masterpiece in a London studio. The note was brief, but full of information: "Have finished two sketches, and fallen in love. The most glorious creature, Felix, and hang your grinning! *You* could never paint her. Parents strongly opposed to me; they don't like my trade. But weather perfect and lady kind. Altogether a charming time." At which Felix growled, and went on with his masterpiece, "Orpheus Seeking Eurydice in Hades." (Although he had chosen the subject, he was wont to sigh at the folly of such journeying for a woman, only brightening at the thought that Orpheus, a married man, knew exactly where to look for his wife. A misogynist, this Felix, with long legs and a long face; called by his friends "the Gravedigger.")

Throwing the letter aside, he pondered how he could save his friend. But the thought came that perhaps his friend wanted to be lost, and so he put the matter aside, and went on painting flames and shadowy figures writhing in torment, with huge enjoyment.

But this was not to be the end of it for him. A fortnight later came another communication from his friend in the country, short and to the point, as when every word must be paid for ("Better world if all our words cost a ha'penny," reflected Felix the taciturn): "Want your advice. Can you come here to-day?" Felix made up his mind he could not leave his work, that he hated trains, that, steeped in fancies of the grim under-world, the country would not appeal to him—in short, that he wouldn't go. Two hours later he had started, having had his growl.

"I've been hard at work," said Herresford, as they drove from the station. "Rural scenes—morning, cow being driven down the road; evening, cow being driven up the road. None of your Venuses, that people stare at in the shop-window but don't like to ask for inside. Oh, yes, I've been very busy."

"So I gathered from your letter," remarked his friend.

"Old fellow, she's the most charming——"

"If our friendship is to continue," interrupted Felix, "you had better save it all for after dinner. My feelings are more under control at that time; at the least, I shall be sleepy."

It was in the cool of the evening that Felix, having been carefully fed, felt able to approach the subject of his friend's state of mind.

"Well, what's the matter?" he inquired. "Gone crazy over a woman again?"

"I'm in earnest this time."

"Well, there's always a cure—marriage. Very sudden, isn't it?"

"Like an earthquake," sighed the lover.

"And the lady?"

"Oh, the prettiest, daintiest, most delightful——"

"Push along," urged Felix. "How does she feel about it?"

"I dare to think that I'm the luckiest fellow alive, and that another earthquake has happened there."

"These seismic disturbances——"

"Of course, I'm poor," broke in Herresford, impatiently. "But there's my aunt, you know."

"No aunt is immortal," remarked Felix, cheerfully.

"Dear old soul! I hope she'll try to break me of my bad habits for many years yet. Of course, I couldn't dwell on her too much with Susannah's father."

"You've seen her father?"

"I called yesterday evening; but what do you think he wants me to do?"

"Go to the North Pole, or drown yourself?" suggested his friend.

"Not a bit of it. He said that there was no doubt I had made his daughter fond of me—think of her telling him that, Felix!"

"Oh, I'm thinking," quoth Felix, moodily.

"But he could not allow her to marry an artist. He seems to have some absurd prejudice against our profession. He's stuffed full of models and the Latin Quarter and Bohemianism, and thinks a

painter is always a dissipated good-for-nothing. He's read about 'em. The circulating libraries are the curse of the nation, Felix."

"Show him your morning and evening cow," suggested Felix.

"Well, I've made up my mind to do what he wants."

"I knew you must have made up your mind, or you wouldn't have dragged me here to give you advice. But what does the old fool want?"

"He insists that I shall give up painting and has offered me a position in his business. Then, if I get on all right, he'll let us be engaged. He's taken a lot of persuading, but it's all right now."

"You call it—all right?" asked Felix, slowly.

"It's rather hard, of course," said Herresford. "There's nothing worth doing in all the world but making pictures. But I can paint for amusement."

Felix grunted in huge disdain.

"Perhaps if I had been more successful I should find it harder still. But I don't make much headway. Now it won't matter if I can't sell my pictures."

"In a year you won't paint any. You'll add up figures, not draw them. There will be no interest taken in them, and an artist must have sympathy. He breathes it."

"I shall keep my old friends."

"Not for long. You'll get new ones, of commercial tastes, chosen by your employer—beg pardon, father-in-law."

"You're not encouraging."

"When people ask for advice, they always mean encouragement. Why did you send for me?"

"Well, it's a serious step——"

"It's a horrible tumble."

Felix pulled savagely at his pipe. He was butting his head against a stone wall, and knew it. He fancied he had been brought there not to give his opinion on the matter, but in order that Herresford might bring his own arguments into the light of day, so that they would gain substance. He would argue with another to convince himself. But it was, at least, a sign that his conviction needed stimulating.

"I'm sorry you don't think I'm doing right," said Herresford.

"I'm glad I'm not such a fool as to think so," retorted Felix.

Herresford threw away his cigarette and walked to the door. But Felix caught him as he opened it.

"Perhaps I don't understand your feelings, Jack," said he.

Herresford's smile was never far away.

"You will one day," he said.

"May I be protected!" quoth Felix, piously, as the door shut.

Herresford walked quickly down the moonlit road until he reached the stile; then he vanished in the dark shadow of the trees. At the top of the hill-path was the gate of the house. Who could doubt Susannah waited there? Certainly not Felix, left to the companionship of his pipe.

For more than an hour he smoked thoughtfully, ill at ease, for he was fond of the young artist and believed he could do great things. Then, in the glory of the full moon, came Herresford back along the road. Susannah had him still faster in the toils; a very riot of splendid love was in him.

"What's dabbling paint about to love, Felix? When did it ever

make me so happy as I feel now? She's wonderful—she's magnificent! I would give up anything in the world——!"

"Oh, go to bed!" said Felix, crossly.

Perhaps in all the ages never dawned a more beautiful morning than Felix, waking early the next day, observed from his bedroom window. Every leaf and blade was fresh and sweet with Nature's washing, and gleaming with dew diamonds; the air, as he threw wide the window, breathed the keen exhilaration of the morning, an ecstasy that vanishes—and here we seem to touch the secret of the power of Eastern mystics—with the material satisfaction of food. Early as it was, he could see Herresford busy with pencil and sketch-book.

"The man's an artist, and yet he means to give it all up for this midsummer madness. It's only a passing fancy for the girl—and what will happen when it passes?" reflected Felix, gloomily, thrusting his long legs into his trousers. "Nothing but a miracle can save him, and there's only I to work it. If I were Balaam's ass—but I'm not. Well, not Balaam's, for certain."

And Felix, his head deep in a basin of water, mourned for his lost friend.

Presently, Herresford entered the inn-garden and began to stride up and down between the rose-trees, deep in thought. Evidently the battle of loves still raged in him, however victory might have seemed to rest with Susannah and a commercial life on the evening before. But the night is not the morning. Felix, watching him, brightened a little. The decision, he knew, must be made that day. If he chose his new love, it would be a grave offence to Susannah to seem to hesitate.

It was not until summoned to breakfast that Herresford joined his friend, who contented himself with remarking on the weather and drawing attention to a letter that lay on the table. Presently, deep in a newspaper, he heard Herresford whistle and swear softly and pleasantly. Then the letter was thrown at him.

"Read that!" cried Herresford, cracking an egg as one who says, "Here is my enemy—see how I crush him!"

Felix read that an eminent collector and connoisseur had noticed one of Herresford's pictures and wished to buy it, besides desiring an interview with the artist and hinting at a commission.

"My fortune's made!" cried Herresford.

"Isn't it a few days too late?" asked Felix, quietly.

Herresford made no reply; he had picked up the letter and was reading it again. His face was alight with pleasure and pride. Dispirited with want of success, he might have abandoned what he knew to be his life's work, but now——

"I must go to town at once," he said.

"There is a train in an hour," said Felix. "We can catch that."

He would give Herresford no chance to see Susannah again. But chance intervened; for, as the train was on the point of starting, they saw her standing by the gate of the level crossing. Immediately Herresford thrust his head out of the window, while Felix muttered curses on the tardy train. Susannah, seeing Herresford, hurried on to the platform, but, at last, the train was moving.

"Must go to town—important business—only heard an hour ago!" cried Herresford. And then, wavering to the last, added, "Coming back to-morrow."

But he never came back

A NUN-ELECT. BY NORA CHESSON.

The eyes of you are black as sloes made soft with evening dew,
Your neck as white as guelder-rose that May bids bloom anew;
Your hair is like a piece of night dropp'd down out of the sky,
And the rose is not a red thing when your smiling mouth is nigh.

(Wirrasthruë, that roses die,
Sad am I, wirrasthruë!)

Your foot goes by so softly across the grass and ling,
The shy wren does not hear it and does not cease to sing;
Your finger is so gentle upon the flower you pluck
That to die in breast or hand of you is fortune and good luck.

(Wirrasthruë, that ever I
Saw you nigh, wirrasthruë!)

You've a bird within your bosom and another in your throat,
But, for all your merry singing, as a sea-gull you're remote
From all the nets I weave for you, the nest that I would build—
For you've vowed yourself to God and my nest will ne'er be filled.

(Wirrasthruë, that you will go
Where you'll wither ere you grow.
Convent rosebuds never blow;
Wirrasthruë!)



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



A NEW departure is to be inaugurated in modern theatricals by Mr. Charles Frohman when he "presents" Miss Ethel Barrymore to the London public in Mr. Hubert Henry Davies's comedy, "Cynthia," on or about May 14. The play might be described as "An International Comedy," for the heroine is a young American girl with an English husband whose life, while bound up with English people, is, nevertheless, concerned with an American and a German man and a French girl. The English parts will be played by English people, the American young man by an American, Mr. Joseph Weelock junior, who is leaving Mr. Frohman's Empire Theatre Company in New York to come over to act the character, while the German will be impersonated by Mr. Max Freeman, a German character-actor who has been for some years in America, and the French girl is to be undertaken by a French actress who speaks English. Conspicuous among the English actors will be Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, as Miss Barrymore's husband, and Mr. Charles Groves.

The way in which woman is dominating the drama—at all events, in its nomenclature—is further demonstrated by "The Rich Mrs. Repton," Mr. R. C. Carton's new three-Act comedy which is to be produced at the Duke of York's Theatre this evening. Beginning with what may be called generic titles, Mr. Carton turned to the descriptions of men to furnish his names. It was in "Lord and Lady Algy" that one first heard the swish of a silken petticoat, so to speak, in his title. Then, shying, as it were, at the suggestion, came a return to the older method of christening with "Wheels Within Wheels." The interest in femininity grew in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment." This bolder step was followed by a double reaction with "The Undercurrent" and "A Clean Slate," but "The Rich Mrs. Repton" may be said to be the author's complete capitulation to this dominating influence of woman, evidence of which may be found by anyone who will take the trouble to look "Under the Clock" in his daily paper.

Of plays at the West-End at present, no fewer than eight derive their titles from women, and two from men and women, while there

are only five which concern men, and there are six which may be regarded as generic titles.

Much has been "heard in the Green-room" of late of Mr. Kyrle Bellew's pronouncements on the subject of actors on the stage in their relation to what he calls "Furniture-testing," exemplified by those players who regard it as impossible "to make a speech on the stage without walking all over it and changing chairs." It is a curious fact, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that it is practically impossible to get actors to keep quiet and to refrain from movement when movement is quite unnecessary. They always want to "break up the picture," as they call it; in other words, to move after they have been for two minutes in one place. They are evidently afraid that their lack of skill will make them monotonous, and they apparently think that the movement of their legs makes up for the lack of movement of their minds.

With what some people have called the peculiar perverseness of his humour, Mr. George Bernard Shaw would probably declare that no dramatist is without an audience save in his own country. To point the moral, he would, doubtless, draw attention to "Candida," which is to be given at the Court Theatre for half-a-dozen matinées on the 26th and 29th inst., and May 3, 5, 6, and 10. To adorn the tale, he would unquestionably point to at least one of the announcements of his name as Bertram Shaw! Bernard Shaw without the George would be bad enough, but Bertram will probably make "G. B. S." rebel even more than the royalties which he does not expect his plays to earn. Mr. Bernard Shaw's contention would be further borne out by the fact that "Candida" is being played at the Vaudeville Theatre, New York, with "G. B. S.'s" one-Act comedy, "The Man of Destiny," the leading character in both plays being taken by Mr. Arnold Daly. Curiously enough, Mr. Granville Barker, who is to act Eugene Marchbanks, the young poet in love with Candida, was the original representative of the young Napoleon when the play was produced at a special performance rather more than two years ago.



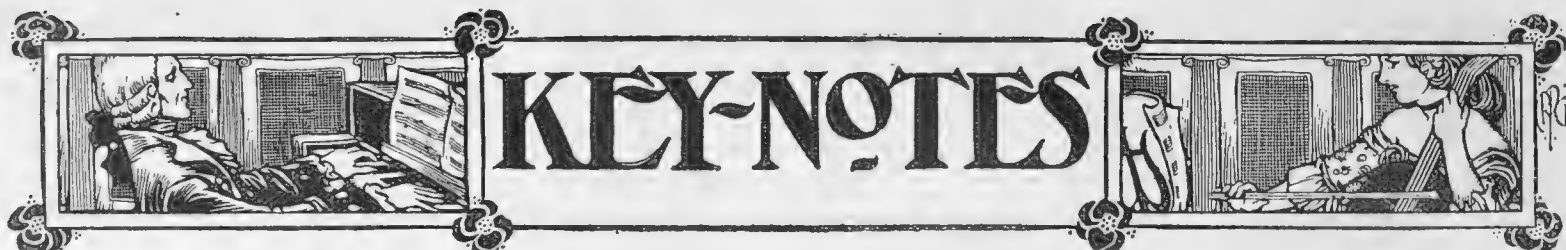
Sir Michael Drayton (Mr. Brandon Thomas).

Sergeant Morsehead (Mr. George Clifton).

Philippa (Miss Ida Molesworth).

THE "NIGHTDRESS SCENE" FROM "THE SWORD OF THE KING," AT WYNDHAM'S; PHILIPPA PROTESTS AGAINST THE SEARCHING OF HER APARTMENT.

Flashlight Photograph by Mr. F. W. Burford.



LONDON music has, during the past week, been practically dominated by the celebrations held at the Queen's Hall known by the title of "The Kruse Festival." Professor Kruse is one of those men who will never be beaten in their enthusiasm for art; he has a point of view, and he has made it his ambition to fulfil that point of view, despite all opposition, and despite all satire or sarcasm which may be hurled at him by some of the more precious spirits of the musical world. Precisely where his greatness comes in is in the fact of his own renunciation, so far as his personal art is concerned. We all know that he is a very fine violinist; his work is finished in the most conscientious manner, even though the hypercritical writer might say that his tone is sometimes a trifle too thin, and that, generally, as an interpreter of great art, he is not altogether to be reckoned upon the level of the greatest masters of the fiddle. The fact remains, however, that his engagement of Herr Weingartner to conduct his Orchestra has given a sensation and "a flip" to English music which has not been known since that ever-memorable day when Mr. Henry Wood first beat time for the Queen's Hall Orchestra on the evening of the opening of that same concert-room many years ago wherein Professor Kruse played during last week.

The performance of "The Dream of Gerontius" at the Queen's Hall by the Sheffield Chorus was, perhaps, not quite so good as that to which Sheffield itself introduced us on the first occasion of its production. It may be, of course, that one remembers a first occasion in the freshness of its feeling more than when one is definitely acquainted with the musical phraseology provided by so great a master as Dr. Elgar. Possibly a certain exaggeration, which does not exactly exist in the music, but which impels interpreters towards exaggeration, rather tempted the singers on this occasion. Elgar takes flights so high that it is just possible that among his interpreters there may be some who are desirous of emulating the very creator of the music of which they are engaged in the interpretation. For this reason it cannot be said that our greatest English master, since the death of Purcell, secured a perfectly ideal interpretation of his work, although it is probable that there was no one present who did not understand the completeness of his intention. Mr. Frangçon-Davies took the part of the Angel of the Agony, and of the Priest; Mr. Gervase Elwes, whose Catholic training obviously suited him, in a peculiar way, for the part, sang the music given to Gerontius with extraordinary sympathy, and a great deal of beauty in his actual vocal phrasing. On the whole, this interpretation was more than commendable.

The same concert was responsible for a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Here Herr Weingartner was quite at his best; he seemed to instruct his audience during the whole time of his playing to them. Now it may possibly be that the Ninth Symphony is not yet completely "understood of the public." There are some critics of wide and



MIDDLE. ALESCIA BASSIAN AS "CARMEN" IN THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.
Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS HÉLÈNE VALMA, GIVING A VOCAL RECITAL AT ÆOLIAN HALL TO-MORROW (APRIL 21).
Photograph by Histed, Baker Street, W.

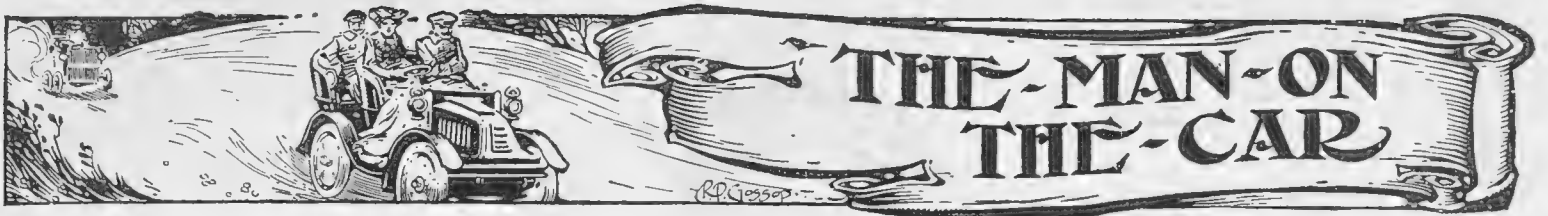
large experience who consider Beethoven's Seventh Symphony finer than the Ninth, for, of course, the Eighth (his "Kleine") is only to be reckoned as a magnificent freak of that amazing brain; nevertheless, as the days go by, as the earth twists upon its axis to the tune of the sun and the moon, we are gradually awakening to the fact, of which Wagner was well aware, that, after all, the flower of Beethoven's genius came to full bloom in this, his last but one of his great Symphonies; and we say "but one" because the Mass, after all, was nothing more than a development of the vocal idea which had obviously entered into his life when sounds were closed to his ears and when all the music of the earth lay silently in ruins about him, while he himself was still capable of making out of the thoughts that had been given to him during many years the greatest of all works, the "deaf Symphony," the Symphony stolen out of silence and constructed out of a complex reticence.

In contrast with the immensely, the imperatively grave spirit of Beethoven, how extraordinary it is to get back to the work of Haydn, whose "Oxford" Symphony was played last week at Queen's Hall! Here you have music absolutely in the nature of a Choral symphony, written, one may say, for a choir of birds. One can easily imagine, among various kinds of birds, in the early morning, say, of a June day in Scotland, the upspringing from various nests of many birds, each singing in its own way, and yet, in combination, making a perfectly harmonious whole; even so, the various elements in Haydn's mind which went to the building up of this Symphony were melodious in their own bird-like way, all various and yet uniting in an ultimate expression of an artistic beauty, which has been possibly surpassed in depth, but never in that sheer natural beauty which belongs to the elemental essence of those who are fated to live their lives among all the innocent and innocuous things of the world, and who are so far endowed that they find it possible to set upon one side everything but the sheer love of their art and the sheer accomplishment of their technique.

Mr. Julian Sturgis is dead. He will be recollected chiefly by his libretto of Sullivan's "Ivanhoe," that splendid failure which, if the world of art chose to do its duty, should be recognised among the great operas of the present generation. Perhaps Mr. Sturgis in his blank verse was not altogether distinguished, but he had a facile pen, and one regrets to think that he was associated with so many failures.

COMMON CHORD.

Miss Hélène Valma, whose rich contralto voice and artistic phrasing have so often delighted lovers of classical music, will give a recital at Æolian Hall to-morrow (Thursday) evening. Miss Valma has hitherto devoted herself more especially to songs by French composers, but on this occasion items by Brahms, Franz, R. Strauss, and Tschaikowsky are included in the programme.



The Chauffeur's Commission—Flying Kilomètre—Ladies' Automobile Club—Restrictions—The Ducasable Tyre.

THERE is and has been for some time past a bitter outcry on the part of a large section of the trade with regard to the manner in which the paid chauffeur attempts to blackmail by demanding commissions whenever his master is purchasing a new car or having his old one repaired. The makers or agents are on the horns of a dilemma in these matters, for in these days of acute competition they fear to do anything which may imperil business. Now I would suggest that the remedy for this objectionable state of things rests entirely in the master's hands, whose suspicion should be at once aroused by anything like eagerness to urge a particular make of car or a particular firm of repairers upon him. In nine cases out of ten, the opinion of the leather-clad gentry upon the comparative merits of automobiles, their design and construction, is not worth the slightest consideration; and if real expert advice is not handy, the intending purchaser would do much better to ask the opinion of the leading journals of the pastime and industry. The opinion of the Editor of such a paper as the *Autocar* is always sound and unbiassed, for he has opportunities of making practical comparisons of cars enjoyed by no other class. It is the agents and makers of the lesser-known cars who fear the chauffeur influence. The representatives of most of the really well-known makes have already set their heels upon his leech-like claims.

Though an English car did not come right out on top at Nice, yet it is very gratifying, on the whole, to find that one of the Napier

Gordon-Bennett cars—that owned and driven by Lieutenant-Colonel Mark Mayhew—although much less in horse-power, ran a good second to the ponderous 130 horse-power Gobrin-Brillié driven by the professional Rigolly, and beat the 80 horse-power Mercedes twice for pure speed. Rigolly's car covered the flying kilomètre in 23 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec. (one mile in 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec., or 95.23 miles per hour), while the Napier did 27 sec. for the kilomètre, which is equivalent to 82.80 miles per hour. If the remaining two Napiers can improve upon this fine performance, the English chances, with luck, look rosy for the Gordon-Bennett Cup.

The Ladies' Automobile Club, which is now established in very handsome quarters at Claridge's Hotel, is increasing its membership very rapidly, and promises to be one of the most exclusively select Clubs in England. Mrs. Gerard Leigh and Muriel, Countess De La Warr, are keenly interested in its well-being. Lady De La Warr is an enthusiastic automobilist, and, when in residence at her delightfully situated place, Old Lodge, Ashdown Forest, seldom, if ever, patronises the railway in running up to town and back. At the last meeting of the Ladies' Automobile Club Committee, Mrs. Borrett, the Hon. Mrs. Johnstone, the Countess of Kinnoull, Miss Alice M. Orpen, Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, and Miss Brenda Weinholt were elected members. The Countess of Kinnoull is a very smart driver and handles her 14 horse-power Chenard and Walcker with the utmost confidence and adroitness.

The Dover Town Council, through their Town Clerk, seek to read a section of the 1903 Act in a manner fraught with every possible inconvenience to the automobilist. Dover is, of course, a very old-fashioned and out-of-date town, cursed or blessed with certain narrow, tortuous streets, not so narrow or tortuous, however, but that the Council have permitted the presence of the most congesting form of traffic known to modern times, namely, the rail-bound tram. The Act speaks of the ten miles per hour restriction applying to "a place," and this the Town Clerk aforesaid, when putting his case before the Local

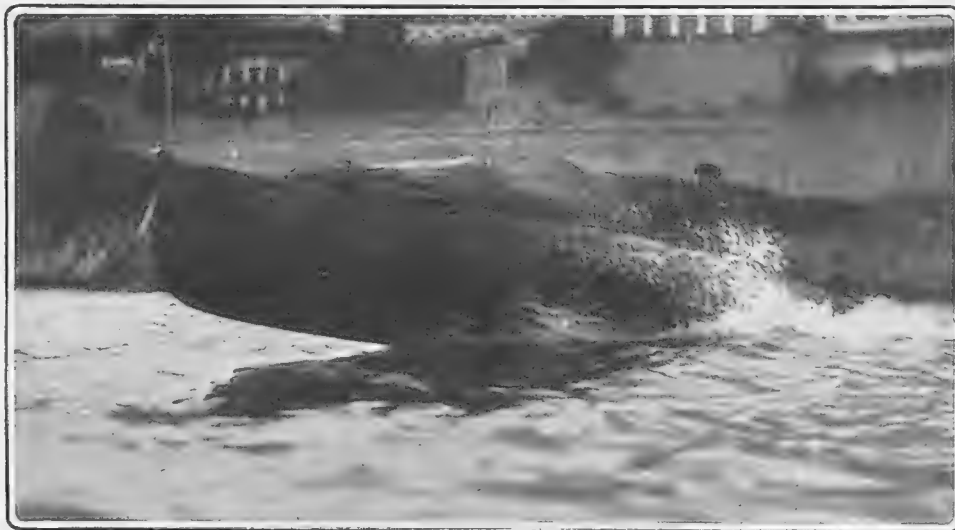
Government Board Inspector detailed to hold the necessary inquiry, urged must apply to the whole area of the Borough, and not to any particular stretch of narrow and tortuous street. So; should the Council prevail, automobiles will be restricted to the snail-like crawl of ten miles per hour wherever the Dover Council reigns supreme. When the witnesses for the opposition were driven down to Dover on a car belonging to Mr. James F. Ochs, which car was fitted with an accurate speed-recorder, the car upon entering Dover followed closely behind the local trams, through the very stretches which the Town Clerk asserted needed the restriction of motor-cars to ten miles per hour, and the speed of these trams between their stopping-places was shown by the speed-indicator to be between thirteen and fourteen miles per hour. Thus, what is safe for the lumbering, ungovernable, electrically driven tram-car, which already has two deaths to its credit in Dover, is terribly perilous for the utterly controlled motor-car—

in the eyes, at least, of the motor-ignorant Dover Councillors. Which, to quote our old friend Euclid, "is absurd."

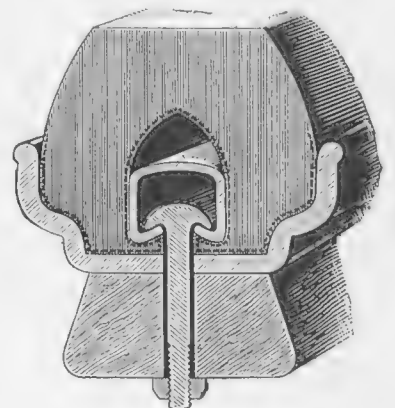
Amongst a large percentage of present and contemplative car-owners there is much fear of pneumatic tyres and their puncturing, and a casting-about for something in the shape of solid or semi-solid tyres which will relieve them from all anxieties attending the possibilities of bursts and punctures. Now the ordinary solid rubber tyre, to be comfortable at all and to save a mechanism and frame originally designed to be carried over pneumatic tyres,

must be very large, consequently very heavy, and, by reason of its lack of life, exciting a considerable slowing effect on the speed of the vehicle.

Some comparatively compensatory substitute for the pneumatic tyre and its weaknesses has been eagerly sought by tyre manufacturers anxious to satisfy a live and growing demand, but it was not until I was shown the latest section of the tyre which the North British Rubber Company, Limited, of Castle Mills, Edinburgh, are now putting upon the English market that I realised how good and efficient a substitute for a pneumatic tyre is the Ducasable Patent Hollow Motor-tyre. This tyre has been manufactured by the North British people for the French market for some time past, so that I marvel it has not long since been made available to English automobilists. In outer section it has the form of a truncated dome resting in a flat-bottomed rim, with inwardly curved and perpendicular flanges, giving a most firm and stable setting for the tyre. The hollow within the tyre is quite dome-shaped, the hollow space, while allowing greater cushioning, accommodating an intumed channel section hoop, which, through holes in the felloe and rim, engage small mushroom-headed holding-down bolts secured to the under-side of the felloe by nut and washer. It is impossible for this tyre to be rolled or jerked out of the rim, and, by reason of its flat tread, the liability to side-slip is very largely reduced. Its cost, too, is considerably less than that of a solid rubber tyre of the same sectional area.



THE FASTEST MOTOR-BOAT IN THE WORLD: THE "TREFLE-À-QUATRE," WHICH RECENTLY BROKE TWO WORLD'S RECORDS AT MONACO.



THE DUCASABLE PATENT HOLLOW TYRE.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

City and Suburban—Sandown—Starting-price Coups—Sales—Objections.

IT has now devolved upon me to have a last say on the City and Suburban, which will bring out a field of real good horses. The ante-post betting on the race has not been of a very tall order, as layers would not take liberties with any single animal engaged. The market, in fact, has been unsound to a degree and utterly unreliable. True, some good money has gone on Hackler's Pride, but this time the South African bookmakers have not required to hedge, as they did in the case of Uninsured for the Lincoln Handicap. I think Hackler's Pride will run well at Epsom, but I do not see how the mare is to give an additional 17 lb. to Burses after the Cambridgeshire running of the pair. Mr. Hammond's candidate is, on form, the pick of the basket, and if he gets off all right he ought to win. Dean Swift is a great City tip. He was a smart two-year-old, and has recently won a trial. Palmy Days is the hope of the North, but I do not think she will quite win. I like Bass Rock—a useful, hardy-looking grey—and Prince Royal; but for the actual winner I shall plump for Burses, and hope to see Dean Swift and Bass Rock placed.

coups are often the cause of much of the in-and-out form seen on the Turf. On the face of it, it is desperately unfair to the racing public that some sharp owners are able, by backing horses away from the post, to get 10 to 1 about animals that ought to be returned at even money. Racing would go on and prosper with all the whispering and mystery at present engaged in by some of the owners whom we could do well without. I propose that the Stewards at every meeting be empowered to ask for and put on record the "orders" given to all the jockeys for any race they, the Stewards, may select. We should then learn how things are managed.

The prices realised by the sale of the late Sir J. B. Maple's horses in training show that there is plenty of money about for real tip-top racehorses. With new owners like Mr. W. Bass, Mr. Kerne, and Mr. Faber, the Turf should continue to thrive, but it is a matter for regret to find so many members of our old nobility compelled to lessen their holdings in bloodstock owing to the agricultural



Princess Patricia of Connaught.

The Duke of Connaught.

The Duchess of Connaught.

Princess Margaret of Connaught.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT'S HOCKEY TEAM.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

The Esher course is now in tip-top order, thanks to the attention paid to it by the enterprising managers. The country around the Sandown course is just now at its very best, and I predict a big gathering at the meeting to be held there this week. The Sandown Park Stud Produce Stakes may be won by Enceladus and the Tudor Plate by Challenger. By-the-bye, the Paddock at Sandown is a big sporting centre in every sense of the word, as rooks' nests abound in the plantation, while rabbits are plentiful all over the place. At the lower end of the course, adjoining the Portsmouth road, can be seen a unique weather-vane, in the shape of a Guardsman, who gesticulates in funny fashion. It might easily be missed by would-be spectators, as it is so small, but it is well worth watching. I am glad to hear that real live business-men are at the head of the Sandown Park Company, which is in a very flourishing state and is likely to pay an increased dividend to its shareholders in the near future. The shares have gone up by leaps and bounds in the quotations, and are now, I believe, in great demand.

A lot of grumbling is going on in racing circles over the many starting-price coups that are brought off by the sharp owners. I think the Jockey Club should inquire into the running of any race in which the winner started at over 10 to 1. Some people might take exception to horses belonging to non-betting owners, but it may not be generally known that horses run by gentlemen who do not bet are fastened upon by the professional sharps to work coups with. I believe these

depression. True, we still have Dukes, Marquises, and Earls as owners, but nothing like so many of them as was the case twenty years ago. On the other hand, finance and commerce fill the breach, and that, too, in very satisfactory fashion. Owners of the calibre of Mr. Stedall, Mr. Randall, and Mr. Bonds come to stay, as a rule. They do not plunge beyond their means, and they oftener than not make judicious purchases. The Turf, as an institution, is much sounder to-day than it was in the plunging era.

The National Hunt Committee will have to move, and that quickly, in the matter of objections if the little Hunt Meetings are to be carried on successfully. Of late there have been no end of objections, all of which have proved fatal to the poor innocent backers. Either horses or their riders have not been qualified, and in one case a bookmaker had to pay out several hundreds of pounds over two winners for the one race. I contend that Clerks of Courses should be responsible for all horses and riders taking part in a race being qualified, and no objection on that score, at any rate, should be entertained for a single instant. The public back horses in good faith, and they certainly should not be liable to these objections. Furthermore, the laws of the National Hunt Committee, likewise the conditions of all races under their rules, should be so simplified that they could be understood of the people. It is positively ludicrous to those who have to calculate the weights to read some of the conditions.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

MANY good and lovely things return with the summer to make life beautiful and chase the torpor of winter twilight from our souls. Unspeakable gladness fills the early day when "morning's at seven" and the twittering of newly come sand-martins mixes with a chorus of other bird-song to serenade our opening



[Copyright.]

A COSTUME OF THIN FACED CLOTH.

eyelids. Even in town the newly budded greenery—not yet turned dusty—makes excellent background for carefully cultivated bulbs, and the Park flowers blaze ornamentally in a somewhat filtered sunshine.

Revolted in contrast with Nature's efforts at beautifying the brown earth, however, is the refuse that humanity itself deposits in a great city like London, where Parks which ought to be the pleasant places of the people are defiled and rendered objectionable as well as unsafe because of the abuse which exists in allowing them to be monopolised by the class which is wholly submerged, hopeless, and unclean.

Surely, in our very civilised present, the spectacle that daily offends all senses in Hyde and Regent's Parks could be controlled and improved. Men and women in unspeakable rags monopolise the seats, lie prone on the grass, and pollute the very air which passes over them. Apart from the danger of infection which such conditions give rise to, the moral effect is wrong and injurious for innocent children who walk or play with their nurses or governesses in sight of so much degradation. So serious has the evil become that many mothers will now not allow their children in the Parks through sheer dread of contamination, and the law-abiding are thus made to suffer for the lawless and irreclaimable. To such strange ends does the misused "liberty of the subject" come.

Another and pleasanter aspect of the Park, or, at all events, that portion of it which reflects Fashion as she promenades, is the outburst of form and colour which our recent exquisite weather has produced. A perfect riot of gay headgear enlivens the pathways, fluttering ribbons, nodding plumes, waving veils, and what not. One of the new notions

is to wear scented flowers in millinery, and waftings of heliotrope, gardenia, or violets variously begin to salute one in church, at matinées, or shopping. I can imagine the idea, if liberally carried out, proving rather oppressive at Season afternoon squashes, for instance, not to mention that it would be a more or less painting of lilies at a *real* garden-party. Failing these occasions, however, the notion is a pretty one.

I was at a women's lunch some days ago, one of those occasions when, males being strictly excluded, fourteen tongues all going together ring the changes on more or less impersonal topics, from the last iniquities of life below-stairs to the perpetual tussle of London laundress *versus* buttons and embroidery, or something equally intellectual of the sort. Everyone appeared in her very best and charming hats graced the occasion. One smart toque, done entirely in crimson rosebuds and myrtle-leaves, became a dark woman well. Another wore a picture-shape of petunia-coloured chiffon, wreathed with variously hued anemones, which was delightfully gay; and the third which wooed my wandering fancy had a rose-crowned roof, deliciously scented, the wide brim of dull-pink velours mousseline supporting one enormous black ostrich-feather with a jewelled stalk.

Miss Winifred Ricardo's wedding at the Guards' Chapel was unusually picturesque, even in these days of decorative functions. The bride's dress was historic as well as handsome, a long lace veil which covered it having belonged to the bridegroom's great-grandmother, Lady Jane Lennox Peel, whose mother was the famous Duchess of Richmond, hostess of that Waterloo ball that will live while English history is taught or spoken. Eight pretty bridesmaids.



[Copyright.]

A RACE-GOWN OF STRING-COLOURED VOILE.

in eight picture-gowns of white mousseline and pale-blue hats, made a delicate scheme of colour against the greenery, their lily-of-the-valley bouquets tied with blue ribbons continuing the fairy-like effect.

By the way, a novelty has been introduced in the elaborate detail of modern weddings by giving to each guest a copy of the

Marriage Service in booklet form daintily mounted in silver. Wilson and Gill, of Regent Street, who have brought out this charming notion, sell the booklets at two guineas a dozen—a very low price for what is given, as the illustration below will show. The fashion is sure to catch on. I can imagine no more pleasant souvenir of one friends' weddings than a series of these pretty booklets.



MISS SINCLAIR,
WHO IS TO APPEAR TO-NIGHT IN "THE RICH MRS. REPTON,"
AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

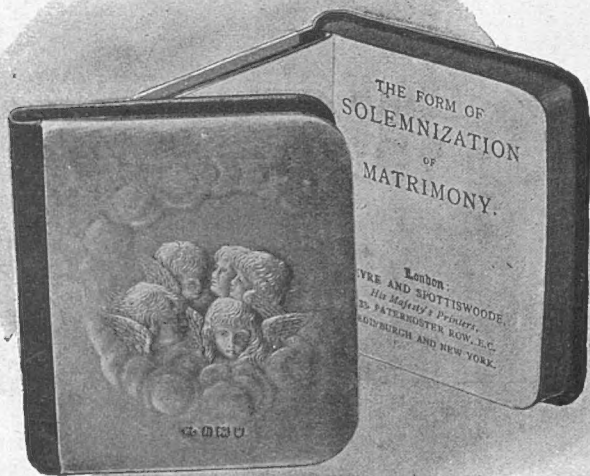
Photograph by Langfrier, Old Bond Street, W.

ing toilette, without giving that overdone effect which too elaborate jewellery is apt to convey *en plein air*. Some new bangles have been recently brought out by "the Parisians"—as Society calls this wonderful Company—which are marvels of lace-like delicacy and whose genuineness the most sceptical expert would hardly dare to question, so detailed the design and so brilliant the jewels of which they are composed.

Apropos of jewels, frocks, and frivollings, Mrs. Wendover, the fetching widow of "The Irresponsible Comedy" at the St. James's, is at all points very decoratively detailed, and Miss Lilian Braithwaite gives us once again a new reading of her many-sided talents. "Saturdays to Mondays" are exotic phases of existence, and the play in question is no less an orchid amongst other dramatic daffodils.

SYBIL.

For the Folkestone Steeplechases next Monday (25th) the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company will run a number of special trains. A Club train (first-class only, return fare eight shillings) leaves Charing Cross at 11.10, calling at Waterloo and London Bridge, while a third-class train (return fare five shillings) leaves Charing Cross at 10.40, calling at the same stations, also at New Cross. Special trains will be run to London and principal stations after the races.



MARRIAGE SERVICE, BOUND WHITE MOROCCO, WITH SOLID SILVER CHASED CHERUBS, AT WILSON AND GILL'S.

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON TO OPEN EARL'S COURT.

The Right Hon. Sir James Ritchie, Lord Mayor of London, will open the Italian Exhibition, Earl's Court, in state, accompanied by the Sheriffs of the City, on Wednesday, May 11. The transformation of the buildings and grounds is now fast approaching completion, and should come as a refreshing surprise to visitors. In the Commercial exhibits all that is characteristic and most praiseworthy of Italian products and manufactures will be represented, while the Art Section will include specimens of the best work of modern leading Italian artists. The Pope has interested himself personally in the coming Exhibition, and has decided that the Vatican shall send a special exhibit, not omitting famous mosaics from the workshops of St. Peter. His Holiness has also selected from the Vatican collection a huge picture of St. Francis on horseback, and has had it forwarded to Earl's Court.

Messrs. Gill and Reigate have now nearly completed the re-decorating and furnishing of the Walsingham Club in Coventry Street, Piccadilly, which will be opened in the course of the next fortnight or so.

In days not long since the highly coloured lithograph occupied an honoured place on the walls of many British homes, but now the taste for art of a higher and less gaudy kind is almost universal. The directors of Bovril, Limited, were among the first to recognise the change in the spirit of the times, and the fine gravures of "The Relief of Ladysmith" and "Lord Kitchener's Home-coming," presented to purchasers of their speciality, bear witness to their discrimination. Now they are presenting, under certain conditions, a copy of "The



DIAMOND AND ENAMEL NECKLET BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

Leopard Skin," a charming oil-painting by Mr. I. Snowman which attracted much attention in last year's Academy. To adapt a certain well-known phrase, "You save your coupons, and Bovril, Limited, do the rest."

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April 20, 1904.

Signature.....

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 26.

HOME RAILWAY HOPEFULNESS.

WHEN once the Bank Rate gets down to 3 per cent., as it is sure to do pretty soon, Home Railway stocks will feel that the time for a higher range of prices has come appreciably nearer. The substantial advance that has already taken place in conjunction with Consols and the gilt-edged division is an earnest of higher prices to come.

Whether or not the huge application for the new London County Council loan was, at least in some measure, a skilful device on the part of certain people to make it appear as though millions of money are awaiting investment, it remains indisputable that the growing cheapness of cash is causing people to be dissatisfied with the rates given by the banks on deposit accounts. Investors have been watching the Home Railway Market for some time past with the idea of putting money into it as soon as a turn came in the long lane of depression. In this department, as in all others, the rule applies that the public will only buy when prices are rising, and that low levels hold out little or no temptation to purchasers until some sharp jump shakes people into the conviction that the sooner they make up their minds the cheaper they are likely to buy their stock.

The now fashionable issues of Convertible Preferences offer a medium of speculative investment which appeals strongly to the buyer of sound securities who has any dash of the gambler in his constitution. That there will be several others in the market before long may be regarded as certain, and the safety, combined with prospects, held out by such stocks, is an excellent reason for their popularity.

If investment varieties are now firmly set on their forward march to higher prices—as it seems fair to consider that they are—the Railway Companies will be no more able to resist issuing more capital than Kaffir concerns, and it may be that those who wait will have better opportunities for picking up cheap stock by-and-by than are now to be found in the market. Nevertheless, we take the view that prices are likely to continue their improving tendency, and anybody anxious to run no risk of paying higher for the securities later on

should not hesitate about making his investment in Home Railway stocks at the present time. In the "Heavy" list, North-Western and Great Western offer possibilities of a steady advance. Lancashire and Yorkshire stock will, perhaps, remain dullish until the after-effects of the Cotton corner have spent themselves, but for a lock-up it looks distinctly cheap. Barry Deferred pays 5 per cent. at par, and, were it not for the limited market that exists, it would probably be standing twenty points higher. Its advantages are not likely to be overlooked by the shrewd folk in the West and South-West of England. For speculation, Chatham Seconds and Great Northern Deferred are both useful purchases, and the time is nearly due for the next smart twist-up in Districts.

THE KAFFIR KALEIDOSCOPE.

In the midst of the market jubilation at the return of business there enters an uncomfortable suspicion that, after all, the revival may not last long enough to attract a general rush on the part of the public. For, obviously, a boomlet confined entirely to insiders can only have one ending, and that a fairly rapid one. That prices are so well maintained after nearly a month's run—the improvement started, be it remembered, a full fortnight before Easter—shows that there is a certain amount of public support being accorded to Kaffirs, although not sufficient to keep the market rising week by week for, say, another three months. It is well, however, to be thankful for any mercies after such times as the market has passed through, and the satisfaction at the activity of Kaffirs is not confined to the South African department by any means. A Kaffir boomlet puts the whole Stock Exchange in a better temper, even though the other sections themselves are not overburdened with work, and if it comes at a time when the general markets are themselves cheerful the effect is to accentuate the better feeling all round.

Doubtless many shares are now valued at their full intrinsic worth in the Kaffir Market, and a little discretion is very needful in making selections for purchase. That plenty of room still exists for further

advances in other varieties is equally manifest, but the importance of keeping to shares that have a reasonable prospect of success on their actual merits needs to be emphasised continually. Who can truly say that Chartered are intrinsically worth forty or fifty shillings? The Company has years to go through before its shares are likely to receive dividends, and the anticipation that the Imperial Government will take over the concern is a shot of the "longest" sort.

But take the case of Oceana Consolidated or Johannesburg Investment amongst the lower-priced issues—of City and Suburban, or Henry Nourse in the more expensive list—and there you have Companies which are able to stand on their own speculative merits in good times or bad. Apex, in their recent smart rise, have gone some way in the direction we indicated not long ago as probable, and Anglo-French are a full ten shillings higher since we last drew attention to their attractions. To sell now, on the chance of being able to repurchase when a relapse comes, is tempting, and we should not care to dissuade anyone from taking a good profit. What we would say is that it might not be safe to wait very long before getting in again, because a further improvement in Kaffirs when the Chinese labourers get to work may be reasonably expected.

Relapse and set-back will do the market no harm at all—on the contrary, they are to be welcomed as timely checks to a rush which might become overdone. The absence of floating supplies of shares in the market tends to force prices unduly, and to cause a general advance entirely disproportionate to the amount of business transacted. That way inflation lies, just as it does when there is a mad rush on the part of the public. Wherefore a hope may be ventured that prices will go steadily, above all things, otherwise the boomlet is doomed, when it slows down, to create the same lack of confidence and deep distrust in

the public mind that has cost the market so dearly in the past.

OUR BROKEN HILL LETTER.

During the year 1903 our Broken Hill Correspondent had a melancholy story to tell, but we are glad to say that in the great silver centre things are now almost rosy. The letter will be cheerful reading to the shareholders of the Proprietary, the British, and the Sulphide Corporation, among whom many of our readers are numbered—

Broken Hill,
March 6, 1904.

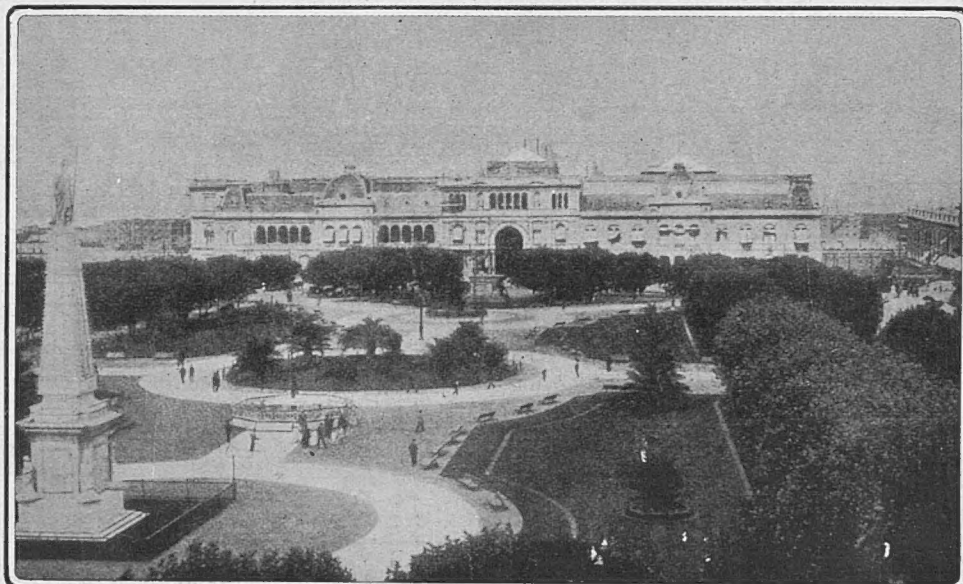
Broken Hill has entered on the year 1904 high-spirited and hopeful. During 1903 it had much to

combat—the water-famine, increased railway-rates on ore, the Arbitration Court trouble, and low lead-values—yet it came out of the struggle with credit. Despite the fact that the water-famine caused for a time an entire stoppage of productive work on the mines, the field finished the year with an increased export of ore and an increased number of men (compared with the end of 1902) in work. At the end of 1902 the various mines had 5014 men on the pay-roll (in Broken Hill alone, that is), and, at the end of 1903, 5726. Mineral exports improved in value from £1,071,764 to £1,122,362. In considering these figures, by the way, it must be remembered that the value of the ore exports is returned net—that is, not the value of the recoverable metals in the product and what-not, but the price that a buyer would give for them in Broken Hill. One might justly put down the value of the exports at £2,225,000. The following table shows the quantities of the chief exports compared with 1902—

	1902. Tons.	1903. Tons.
Silver-lead—		
Concentrates	231,559	211,731
Crudes	86,083	23,236
Slimes	48,954	95,389
Zinc Concentrates	278	19,667

The most important of the figures quoted here are those relating to slimes and zinc concentrates—they are the finger-posts pointing towards the Barrier's prosperity. They mean much to Broken Hill, as henceforth the production of zinc and zinc concentrates will be an important factor in the field's existence. Months and months ago I wrote that the zinc problem had been solved; since then various improvements have been made in the various processes in operation, until to-day there are in work at Broken Hill the Ullrich process (Australian Metal Company), Mechernich (Central), Potter (Block 14), and Delprat (Proprietary). The first two are types of magnetic separation; the Delprat is a wet process, of which the active principle is sulphuric acid. The Potter is also a wet process, and there has been some legal trouble between the people at the back of it and the Proprietary Company. So far, the Proprietary Company has won, and the mine is just completing a plant to treat one thousand tons of stuff per week. Should this plant come up to expectations—of which there is little doubt—it will be at once greatly extended. The process is simple, cheap, effective, and profitable, and it is expected to turn the millions of tons of tailings along the line of lode into a marketable product.

Magnetic separation is also being experimented with for the direct treatment of crude ore. A parcel of forty-five tons just treated at the Metal Company's works gave the magnificent recovery of 54.8 per cent. of the silver, 85.6 per cent. of the lead, and 49.7 per cent. of zinc. Nothing to any way equal this has ever been achieved on the Barrier by any method, and people are hopeful that the success in



GOVERNMENT HOUSE AND PLAZA DE MAYO, BUENOS AYRES.

this direction, coupled with the improved market-value of lead and the many economies adopted in mining and milling of late years, will result in re-starting the Northern Group of mines.

So much has been done toward economy since the heavy fall in values that there is not a mine now which cannot make a profit with lead at £12. Some can profit with lead much below that price.

The Proprietary, for instance, which made a profit for the six months ending November last of £91,999, faced an average lead-value for the half-year of £9 19s. 10d., the lowest average (with the exception of one six months) since 1894. Silver (fine) for the term was only 2s. 2½d. per ounce. To-day lead is £12 and silver (fine) over 2s. 5d., so the Proprietary Company is "doing very nicely, thank you." The Company paid a one-and-sixpenny dividend last month, which made its total distribution to shareholders to date £10,032,000. During the past three years the Company has secured cheaper treatment, better recoveries, and improved methods, which mean roughly a saving of £200,000 per year. "Brains" have made a huge difference. And those same brains are at work to-day, aiming at greater reforms, greater improvements, greater economies. The Company, to secure the sulphuric acid needed for its zinc process, has adopted the Carmichael-Bradford process of desulphurisation (described in *The Sketch* a while ago), and from this much is looked for.

To the end of 1903, by the way, this gigantic Company had produced 628,026 tons of lead and 121,944,831 oz. of silver, besides gold, copper, and antimonial lead. The zinc is still lying in the dumps awaiting that re-treatment which is now so near.

And not only the Proprietary made a profit in 1903, despite the drawbacks already enumerated. The South Mine, for the latter six months of the year, made £22,000 (and paid a shilling dividend); Block 10 struggled through just on the right side, in the face of an extra outlay. The Central (Sulphide Corporation) did well; and, though the British had to pinch and scrape, its balance was also on the right side. This year all the mines named are naturally doing much better; the British one week recently—and the mine is not working full yet—made a profit of £800. If this can be kept up—and if lead remains a respectable price, it can—shareholders will possibly get a dividend this year.

The British never showed up better underground than it does to-day. Diamond-drill exploratory work has revealed several excellent ore-bodies for future tapping, while in that portion of the mine already opened up there is sufficient ore to keep the mill supplied for ten years. The Proprietary, too, has several new bodies on hand, a particularly strong one at the 800-foot, which alone is worth several years' life to the mine. Depth also yields highly satisfactory prospects, which gives point to a declaration made by the directors last week that only the surface of the property has yet been worked. What depth will bring forth in the various mines is still a thing to be guessed at. Ore is there, that has been proved; in what quantity no mine has yet had reason to ascertain. One only knows that rough exploration at 1000 feet, 1100 feet, and 1200 feet has in all cases yielded admirable results.

Shaft-sinking is proceeding steadily on several of the mines—the Proprietary, Central, Block 10, South, and North—and before long a more systematic exploration

of depth may be undertaken. New machinery is also being installed on the Central and Block 10 mines. The latter's new plant, expected to be complete by June, will be the most perfect and up-to-date in Australia. By then, too, the directors will have decided which of the zinc processes to adopt.

English shareholders in the British may be interested in the output figures of a recent week, namely—crudes, 2230 tons, concentrates, 420 tons. For the same week the Proprietary treated about 12,000 tons of crudes. The British crudes averaged 16·7 per cent. lead, 10·4 oz. silver, and 16 per cent. zinc.

Of the smaller mines, the best remains the South Blocks, which, however, has not yet advanced beyond its developmental stage. It is ready for machinery, but the Board is wisely waiting to determine which of the newer methods of treatment is likely to prove the best. The Victoria B. H. has re-started, and the White Leads will re-start soon. Only the other day it looked as if the Consols had again lit on a "jeweller's shop," but the ore met with was scanty in quantity. However, indications remain hopeful, though they always are this in that mine of mystery.

One great trouble has been overcome—at any rate, for a time. The water-reservoir has enough water in it to keep town and mines going for two and a-half years, so another water-famine need not be looked for.

Concerning the outlook for Broken Hill and those directly concerned in the field, I can only repeat what the Chairman of the Proprietary Company said the other day: "It is long since the prospects of the Barrier looked so bright."

Saturday, April 16, 1904.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

TILSCO.—Yes, the Bonds can be purchased through agents in London. We recommend N. Keizer and Co., of Threadneedle Street, but the bank you name is, we believe, a respectable and honest institution with whom it would be safe to deal.

IVANHOE.—(1) The decline in receipts has been very heavy, but, as these will soon compare with the bad takes of last year, we think you might hold on. The old dividends will not, however, return. (2) Speculative. The report was bad, but, with a revival of mining-machinery orders next year, may show an improvement. (3) We should hold, as Oil prices are likely to improve.

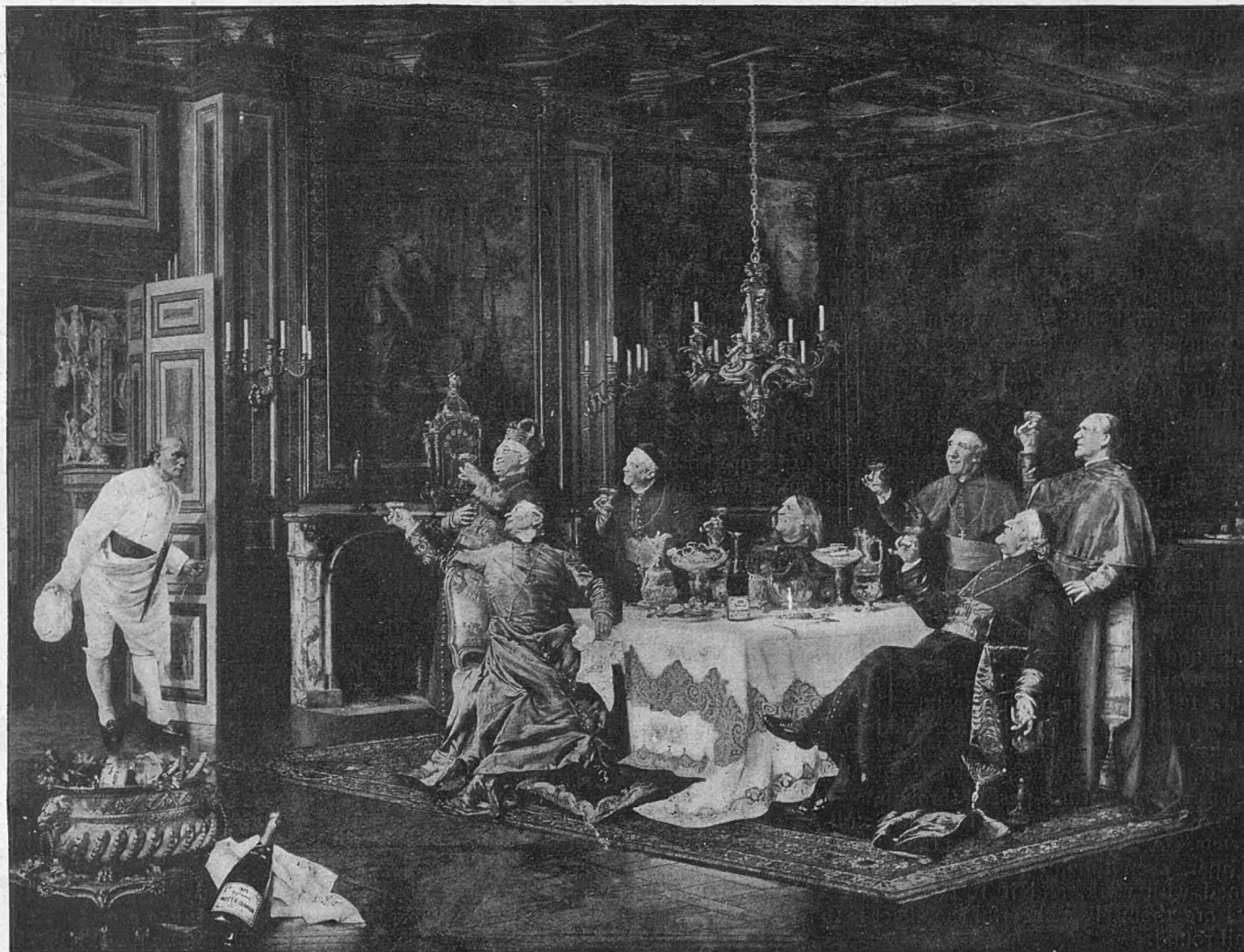
LOO.—This mine is very unsatisfactory. The management is in honest hands, and there is a prospect of improvement, but it is very much of a gamble.

E. P.—Will not the following do for your money? You do not say what rate of interest you want to get or what risks you are willing to run. (1) Egyptian State Domain, (2) City of Mexico 5 per cent. Bonds, (3) Buenos Ayres Western Ordinary stock, and (4) Inter-oceanic of Mexico 7 per cent. Pref. for a small amount just as a gamble.

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